Vivien Leigh Interview!

Silver Screen

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I *am Heathcliff...*

I married a woman

I loathe...to *spite*

the one woman

I *love!*



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A Story of Vengeful, Thwarted Love

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Directed by WILLIAM WYLER

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HOW COULD IT HAPPEN? How could he write those heart-breaking words? After all his tender promises to love her always—how could he hurt her like this? There was no warning, except the coolness she had barely noticed—and too easily dismissed.

But how significant it should have been for any girl in love! For when a man grows less attentive—distant—cool ...there is a reason. So often the girl who loses out has grown careless—has foolishly neglected to use Mum!

Even fastidious girls make this mistake. They think a bath alone is enough when underarms always need Mum. They fail to realize that the freshness of a bath soon fades. A bath removes only *past* perspiration—never odor to come. That's why it's so important *never* to neglect Mum! Mum keeps you fresh *all day*. More women use Mum than any other deodorant. It's so pleasant... so easy to use... so sure to guard your charm!

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SMART GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM







MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

MAR 28 1939
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The Opening Chorus

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

The other night at a party we got tired of panning all the latest pictures and couldn't think of anything new to say about "Gone With the Wind," so I revived that old game of "Ten on a Desert Island"—which means, of course, the ten stars you would want with you if you were cast off on a desert island. It went like a house afire. And then a malicious meanie with malice towards some (that was me, too) suggested "Ten on a Sinking Boat" and you have no idea how rapidly those boats filled with our most glamorous Glamour Girls. One Glamour Girl, I won't mention any names, made every boat!

But I know you are interested in the finer things alone—and often deplore the cat in me—so I shall only tell you about the ten stars I chose to have cast off on a desert island with me, and maybe some of your readers would like to join in and make lists too.

Well, on my desert island I would like to have Clark Gable, naturally. And I say, naturally, in the fullest sense of the word. And you're crazy if you think I'm going to allow Carole Lombard to be cast off on the island, even though she *is* one of my best friends, and I shall *miss* her terribly. I shall insist upon having Joan and Dick Powell because one of their merry insanities can pull me out of my darkest mood in no time at all, and because they don't destroy any of my old-fashioned illusions about happy marriages.

I want Tyrone Power on my island because I can't think of anything more romantic than holding hands with Ty around a campfire in the moonlight while Alice Faye sings, "I Have Eyes to See With." Oh, yes, Alice is going to be along. I couldn't do without torch songs the way Alice sings them.

Of course, being a theatre-minded person I would have to have my Saturday night charades and one act plays, so I shall see to it that Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy get cast off with me—and this will guarantee that I will get the best in acting. Miss Jezebel is also the best read person in Hollywood and I must say it's fun to be with someone who reads occasionally.

I suppose I really ought to invite Dorothy Lamour so she can show us girls how to wear a sarong most becomingly, but I don't think I'd look well in a sarong, anyway, so there's no point in inviting Dorothy. I'd much rather have Hedy Lamarr. Yes indeed, we're all going to get awfully tired of looking at sand dunes and ocean waves so I think we'll have to have Hedy along to have something pretty to rest our eyes on. Her naïve humor is refreshing, too.

Well, that's it. But I have a "just in case." I've arranged for the Queen Mary to stop at the island at the end of three weeks "just in case" I want to change my list.

Liza

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD

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Silver Screen

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V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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Dear Irish,

Has your little friend Eve got herself a headache! When I hit la belle Paree, I had one pawn ticket and a rained out evening dress. But you know me...never say die. With the old Park Ave. technique, I'm batting in high society in half an hour. An old gaffer is willing to put your little friend on the payroll to get his Mrs. back in line. Seems she is that way about a smoothie young Mr. Millions and all I have to do is make Mr. Millions forget the old gaffer's wife.

So why the headache? Listen, with all the taxi drivers in New York, I have to go and fall for a Paris taxi driver. Believe it or not, this hard little heart cracks like Broadway asphalt in a heat wave. Imagine me in love with a cabbie. We're gonna put a pair of water wings on his old bus and drive back to Broadway And none of your fancy tricks either. Hands off.

Your favorite girl friend.

Eve



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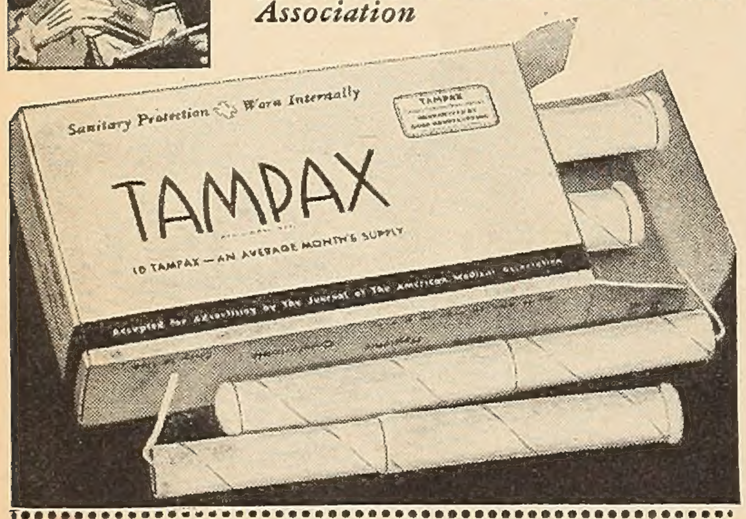
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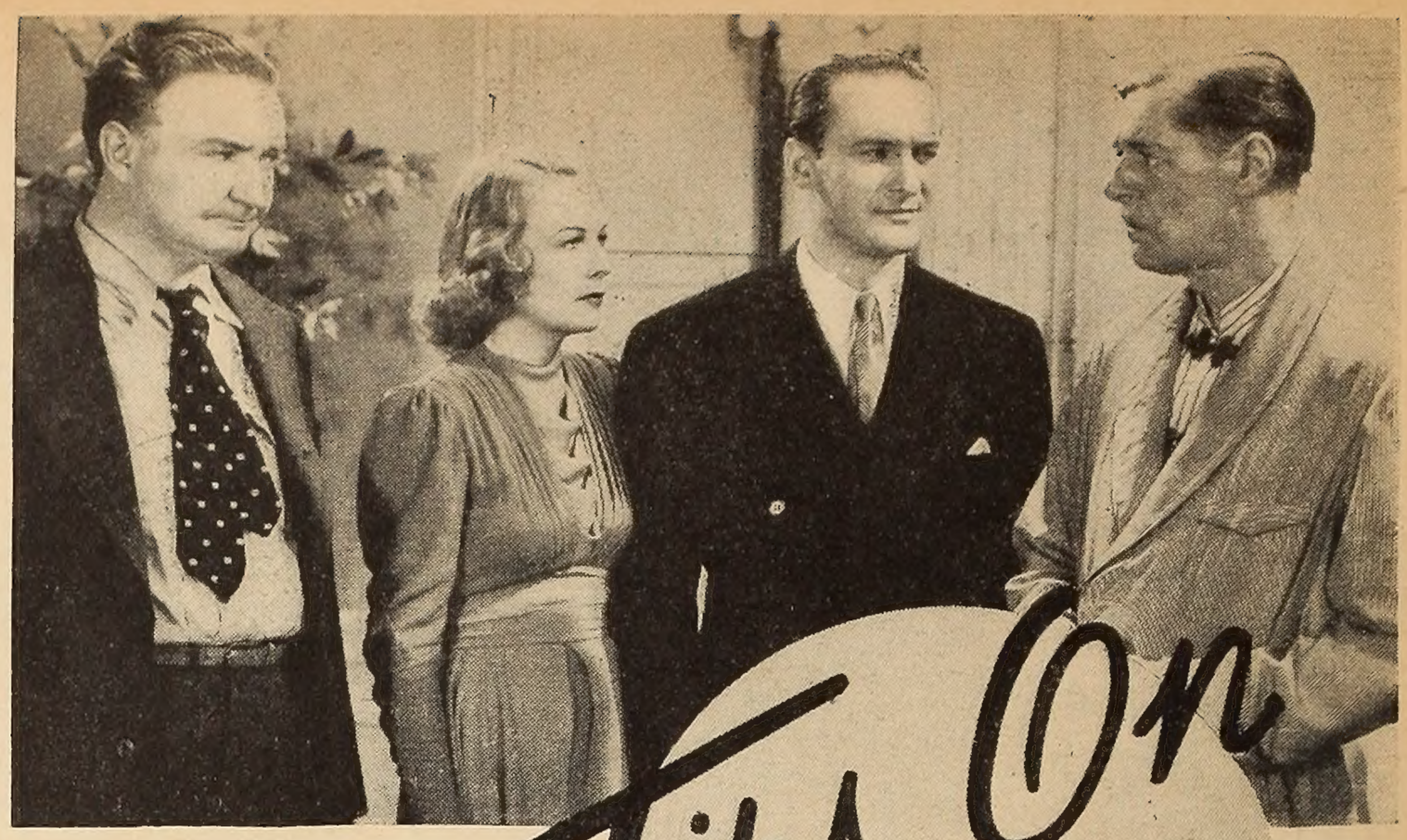
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A scene from "The Saint Strikes Back," with Eddie Gargan, Wendie Barrie, George Sanders and Gilbert Emery.

Tips On Pictures

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—Fine. A swiftly-paced film which, despite the fact that it is a glaring exposé of some of the more unpleasant aspects of life at a city prison on one of our numerous islands in the East River, is tensely exciting, with an abundance of rowdy comedy. (John Garfield-Rosemary Lane.)

CHAMPS ELYSEÉS—Excellent French film. This is literally a field day for the versatile French actor, Sacha Guitry, who not only, as a school-teacher, tells his young pupils the fascinating historical tale of Paris' most famous Boulevard, but also enacts five of the most important roles as time marches on. Of course, M. Guitry has a delightful way of interpolating fiction with fact. It is subtle, witty and romantic.

HONOLULU—Fine. Never a dull moment (well, maybe only one) in this sumptuous musical starring Eleanor Powell, who does the hula to tap-rhythm. It is cheerful entertainment all the way, and just what the doctor ordered for a blue evening. In the grand cast you will discover Robert Young, Burns and Allen, Rita Johnson, Jo Ann Sayers, Eddie Gargan, etc., etc.

I AM A CRIMINAL—Good. The story of a racketeer who uses a newsboy who idolizes him as a means to getting out of a charge of manslaughter. You'll take the kid, played by Martin Spellman, right to your heart. Others in the cast include John Carroll, Kay Linaker and Mary Kornman.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Excellent. This exquisitely played comedy-drama should appeal to everybody, old and young. It concerns the first few years in the married life of Jimmy Stewart, a struggling young lawyer, and lovely Carole Lombard, who try desperately to retain their happiness in spite of many difficulties, the worst of which is a nagging mother-in-law (Lucille Watson).

OFF THE RECORD—Fair. Although Joan Blondell and Pat O'Brien are teamed in this synthetic newspaper yarn, it's no world-beater. However, if you're in a kindly, sentimental mood you might be temporarily diverted.

PERSONS IN HIDING—Good. An exciting film adaptation of G-Man Hoover's book, showing how the Department of Justice always gets its man—and woman. A fine cast includes Lynne Overman, J. Carrol Naish, and the new glamour-girl, Patricia Morrison

SAINT STRIKES BACK, THE—Fine. The second in a series of really absorbing mystery yarns featuring the Saint, a fictional modern Robin Hood type of character who dabbles in crime from both sides of the fence. George Sanders is excellent in title role. (Wendie Barrie.)

SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS—Fair. An English drawing-room comedy full of society patter and having to do with two smart young married women who try to outwit their respective husbands when they become jealous of a certain fascinating bachelor-novelist. It's really much ado about nothing. (Diana Churchill, June Clyde, Romney Brent, Rex Harrison.)

12 CROWDED HOURS—Fair. An action melodrama, which, because of Dewey's excellent work in cleaning up New York's underworld, is of timely interest. Richard Dix plays a newspaper reporter assigned to the case and Lucile Ball is the girl he loves.

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—Good. When Priscilla Lane, fresh out of college, decides to take a weekend vacation with her boy friend, Jeffrey Lynn, before he goes to Belgium, it stirs up plenty of trouble in her suburban home. Everybody proceeds to disapprove, with quite amusing results. (May Robson, Fay Bainter, Ian Hunter, Roland Young.)

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"A subtle touch of perfume behind the ears is just right for me," says lovely Joan Fontaine.

Perfume is In the Air

Use your perfume for a definite reason. Here are guides to a choice.

By Mary Lee

ONE past, present, and future secret of feminine fascination is perfume. Indeed, it is *the* secret of all secrets, because perfume has the power to stir imagination and memories. It weaves a spell, and no costume is complete without a lovely sense of fragrance. So let's turn to Hollywood, because Hollywood undoubtedly uses more perfume than any other one section of this country. It is unusual to meet a star and not be aware of a precious fragrance that seems to belong to her, alone, and it is impossible to talk with any star about beauty and not have perfume pop up first of all. They all love it, just as we do, and many are collectors, among them Gracie Allen. The idea is to collect as many kinds in as beautiful bottles as possible, and a great hobby, if you ask me.

The Hollywood stars use perfume for two reasons. First, for the lift, the pleasure and inspiration it gives them. Many a star, among them Irene Dunne, has told me how a perfume saved her from stage fright or added confidence for a part she feared in beginning days. Second, stars, of course, use perfume for the charming effect on others, as we do.

The idea that all good perfume is very expensive is a myth. Of course, many large and gorgeous bottles are, but the dram size sale of the finest has become such a general habit, that you'll find the very best well within your budget. Almost all of your recognized perfumes are sold in this manner, too. Buying by the dram is very practical, because it enables you to have a number of perfumes and you are not wedded to one until you are tired of it. After you have tested a few, then by all means buy your larger bottle. Be sensible, too, before you buy by testing the perfume in this way: Suppose you are shopping and stop at the perfume counter, undecided. Ask the saleswoman for a touch on your wrist, a spray on your jacket, if spraying is available. Meanwhile, do some of your other errands, and by that time you'll probably know that the perfume is or isn't for you. Don't trust your nose in sniffing from a bottle. Perfume is much too concentrated for you to get a clear sense of it, but after it has remained on skin or fabric half an hour or so, you do get its true value.

What to buy? I believe that perfume should first please the wearer, then it will undoubtedly please others.

Carole Lombard, Alice Faye and Mary Carlisle are devoted to gardenia. Among the especially good gardenia perfumes, is

[*Continued on page* 60]



SHE WAS ON THE JURY—

. . . . not to decide a man's innocence or guilt, but to judge a new, different kind of tooth paste—to decide whether or not it was an improvement over older types, and if it offered more for her money in cleanliness, luster, freshness, and mouth stimulation.

On the same jury sat other women, hundreds of them—grandmothers, mothers, widows, single women, young girls . . . rich, poor, in between . . . in tiny hamlets, growing villages, vast cities. A critical jury, as all women are in judging articles that affect their beauty and their pocketbooks.

And what was their verdict on the new Listerine Tooth Paste with its amazing Luster-Foam detergent? See how they voted:

Over a leading brand, the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam was a two to one favorite. Against the next two leading brands, it was a decided favorite. And over the fourth leading brand, it had a slight but definite edge.

Their comments show why this new dentifrice won such high favor: "Like that dainty 'bubble bath' that Luster-Foam gives," said many. "Simply amazed, the way Luster-Foam cleans and brings out luster," exclaimed others. "Delighted with the wonderful feeling of freshness and mouth invigoration that lasted long after the tooth brushing was over," still others added.

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A HINT TO A WOMAN OF 30



TO GIRLS WHO DON'T WANT TO STAY SINGLE

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LIGHTER FOOD for Spring

By Ruth Corbin

All recipes kitchen-tested.



Ann Rutherford thinks that the more effective a fruit salad looks, the more appetizing it is.

MOST of us are thinking about a new spring bonnet and a dress; about crisp, gay curtains for our windows and brightly waxed floors . . . an all around new deal in appearance. While in the mood, be sure to plan some new dishes for your husband and the youngsters to take the taste of winter from their mouths.

Salads are synonymous with spring. I don't know why, but at this season, and later in the torrid days of summer, we turn naturally to salads. Here are some of my prize recipes that are bound to make a hit with you.

SUNBURST SALAD

Cook 4 small artichokes in boiling water, salted, until tender (about 40 minutes). Drain and chill. Open out petals to form cup. Remove center leaves and spines leaving heart. Cut 1 avocado in half lengthwise. Peel and slice ½ inch thin slices, cut small balls from remaining half. Peel 2 oranges and separate into sections. Arrange overlapping slices of avocado and orange sections in circle in center of artichokes. Place 3 avocado balls inside circle on top. Serve with a fruit salad dressing made by mixing 3 tablespoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, few grains pepper, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, ½ cup oil (I use mineral oil in all dressings calling for oil) and enough liquid honey or Karo Red Label syrup to sweeten slightly. For variety, slices of pickled beet, pimiento ribbons or green pepper rings may be alternated with orange segments.

VITAMIN VEGETABLE SALAD

Grand for reducing. Your own taste must govern amounts to be used in preparing this salad but it should consist of all, or as many as desired, of raw carrots, spinach, cucumbers, green pepper, cabbage, radishes, cauliflower, celery, lettuce, water cress, parsley, beets, endive, onions, and tomatoes. Wash all vegetables carefully and place in ice water for at least an hour (in refrigerator) to crisp. Lettuce, water cress and parsley should be kept separate to be placed in bowl under and around vegetables. Drain and thoroughly dry all vegetables. Add tomatoes, peeled and sliced very thin; beets, sliced and grated; thinly sliced cucumbers and radishes; grated cauliflower buds and carrots; shredded cabbage and spinach leaves; onion, parsley, celery and green pepper chopped together. Moisten with French or California Dressing, tossing lightly with salad fork, until vegetables are coated but not soaked. Serve in same bowl.

CALIFORNIA SALAD DRESSING

1 cup sugar
¾ cup Heinz Vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon grated onion
1 cup salad or mineral oil
½ cup C. & B. Catsup
1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce
Little lemon juice, if liked

Mix ingredients and beat until sugar is dissolved and dressing thickens. For the best French Dressing you ever tasted omit sugar and onion. This dressing may be made in quantity and kept indefinitely in refrigerator.

For a novel and colorful salad try removing centers from ripe, peeled tomatoes and re-filling with black cherries stuffed with well seasoned cottage cheese. Serve with French Dressing on lettuce leaf.

Also, for parties, pear halves, rounded side up, canned or fresh, on plate; cover well with cream cheese blended with milk (2 tablespoons milk to 3 ounce package Philadelphia Cream cheese). Cut Tokay grapes in half and remove seeds or use seedless grapes. Press grape halves, cut side down, into cheese, covering pear completely so it resembles bunch of grapes. Serve with French Dressing or Fruit Dressing blended with whipped cream. Garnish with sprig of green chicory and a piece of grape stem at top to simulate leaves and tendrils.

FRUIT BOWL

Fruit salad bowls are most attractive and convenient in serving when each fruit is grouped separately in a large shallow bowl. Here is a nice assortment. Cut 2 bananas lengthwise, 4 crescents of avacado, 10 slices of red-skinned apple and dip in lemon juice to prevent discoloration. In center of bowl, on a bed of lettuce or chicory, place 4 semi-circles of pineapple sandwiched between 4 long fingers of cantaloupe. Arrange banana fingers next. Sandwich 8 slices of orange in 2 groups between apple slices. Garnish with tiny balls of avocado, cantaloupe and a group of perfect strawberries on stems. Pass California, Cheese or Whipped Cream dressing.

Now, consider desserts. Here are two new ones that are delicious.

PRINCESS PUDDING

1 package Royal Gelatin Dessert
1 cup cold water
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup boiling water
½ cup cream, whipped
1 cup sponge cake cubes

Dissolve gelatin (raspberry or strawberry) in boiling water; add cold water. Pour ¾ of mixture into shallow pan to ½ inch depth. Chill until firm; cut in cubes. Add salt to remaining gelatin mixture; chill until it begins to thicken. Beat until thick and frothy. Fold in whipped cream, cubes of cake and of clear gelatin. Pour into mold and chill until firm. Slice and serve plain or with whipped cream.

RHUBARB ROLY-POLY

3 cups Hecker's Flour
4½ teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup Crisco
1 to 1½ cups cold water
5 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon sugar

Sift dry ingredients into chopping bowl. Add ½ cup Crisco; chop in with knife until mixture looks like cornflakes. Add just enough water to hold dough together. Transfer to pastry board; roll into square sheet ¼ inch in thickness. Spread almost to edge with 2½ tablespoons of butter, fold up and press edges together, leaving layer of butter between layers of dough. (Helps make crust flaky.) Roll again; spread on remaining butter. Fold again and roll into sheet ¼ inch thick. Spread with a rhubarb mixture made by combining 1 pound rhubarb, 1¼ cups sugar, 3 tablespoons flour, ½ cup chopped raisins, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Roll up like jelly roll. Place in buttered Pyrex baking dish, dust with cinnamon and bake at 350F about 1 hour. Serve with lemon sauce.

For our main dishes, here are two which are easy to prepare and even better than they sound. And they cost next to nothing.

STUFFED FRANKS

Let 8 Armour frankfurters stand 7 minutes in boiling water. Partially split franks lengthwise;, spread with French's Mustard. Fill with a mixture of 2 cups mashed potatoes and ½ cup grated American cheese. Place on broiler rack with strips of bacon until bacon is cooked and franks delicately browned. Serve with grilled tomatoes on a platter, alternating a slice of tomato and a slice of bacon between every other frank. With green peas, Sunburst Salad and Rhubarb Roly-Poly your meal is complete.

MOCK DRUMSTICKS

Mix ½ teaspoon leaf sage, ¾ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 2 teaspoons chopped onion, ½ pound chopped beef and ½ pound chopped veal or chicken. Shape into drumsticks. Roll in fine cracker crumbs. Insert wooden skewers. Fry in shallow fat or oil about 10 minutes. Drain. Place paper frills on skewers. With this serve baked potatoes.



20th Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

with

DON AMECHE • LORETTA YOUNG • HENRY FONDA

Charles Coburn • Gene Lockhart
Spring Byington • Sally Blane
Polly Ann Young • Georgiana Young

A Cosmopolitan Production

Directed by Irving Cummings • Associate Producer
Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti
Original story by Ray Harris

AMERICA'S MOST THRILLING STORY!

Thrilling... and true! Of love so great and faith so strong that it inspired this man to endure ridicule, privation, hunger... to achieve the miracle of wings for the human voice!

Silver Screen



"Broadway Serenade" is in the bag. Frank Morgan, Rita Johnson, Lew Ayres, Jeanette MacDonald, Ian Hunter, Virginia Gray, Franklin Pangborn and William Gargan walk away with the honors —high ones, too!

ALTHOUGH known as the Perfect Wife of the Screen, Myrna Loy still must learn how to press her husband's pants. Her first attempt has proven disastrous to Robert Taylor's personal wardrobe. In the role of Bob's bride in "Lucky Night," one of Myrna's duties is to press his trousers. During a long piece of dialogue, Myrna ceased her pressing, but let the iron remain on the trousers.

NO SERIOUS snooping can possibly occur in any mystery film whose title character is the amiable nitwit, Gracie Allen. Let her remarks on being introduced to Warren William, the Philo Vance of her new "Gracie Allen Murder Case," attest to this.

"So you're Fido Vance," she observed, surveying the suave Mr. William's tall frame. "Mm-m-m!"

"Not 'Fido,'" someone intruded. "'Fido's' a dog's name."

"Well," she giggled, "he's a bloodhound, isn't he?"

IT TOOK big-hearted little Eddie Cantor to make a safety slogan out of the old adage that "children should be seen and not heard." But he did it recently when asked to inscribe a tablet erected by Santa Monica Boy Scouts at a dangerous intersection where several of their members were injured by automobiles. Stylus in hand, Eddie pondered a moment as he gazed at the wet concrete. Then he wrote—"Children should be seen and not hurt. Eddie Cantor."

PARTIAL to black and white, Hedy Lamarr wears the smartest of spring dinner dresses with crisp white blouse fashioned entirely of lace insertion topping a long black skirt of unpressed pleats. The gown features Hedy's favorite silhouette, the loose angel-type sleeves.

NOW that Bob Taylor and Nelson Eddy have been given a "he-man" build-up the next in line for the virile treatment seems to be Bobby Breen. He's had his hair cut and now his studio wishes him called Bob Breen.

FROM a recent "Variety" we snitched:

The Civil War took four long years
Of marching feet and strife and fame,
And from the tidings it appears
"Gone With the Wind" will do the same.

IS MARIE WILSON kidding the fashion dictators? Or isn't she? She appeared at a preview the other night in baby blue satin with quilted waist, set off by quilted gloves of the same material. It was quite startling.

ONE of the most ardent Shirley Temple fans, it seems, is none other but sophisticated de luxe Noel Coward. On his recent three day stop-over in Hollywood one of the first things Noel insisted upon doing was visiting Miss Shirley on the set of "Susannah of the Mounties."

He signed her autograph book and she signed his, and then Noel, making conversation, politely asked, "What are you studying in school now?" "Fractions," said Shirley, "and they're awfully hard." "I never could do fractions," Mr. Coward said sadly. "Very hard, fractions."

After the famous playwright had left Shirley turned to her teacher and said, "Mr. Coward must be over thirty and he doesn't know fractions. How can you expect me to learn them in a few weeks?"

The Glamour Girl

Sweepstakes

THE luscious girls of the studios all have beauty and many talents, but the race will be won by that tempting daughter of Eve who most recklessly drives our pulses with the woman-whip of allure.



By Elizabeth Wilson

WELL, here we go again. Betting on the Sweepstakes. And I don't mean the Irish Sweepstakes which I must say cost me a pretty penny before I discovered that only people who look funny in newsreels ever win (and I don't think I'd look funny in a newsreel—just sort of gruesome). But I do mean the annual Glamour Girl Sweepstakes. The most spectacular event in race mad Hollywood.

If you think the Sport of Kings is exciting (and after last Saturday at the track you can give it right back to the Kings for all I care) you just wait until you see a Glamour Girl Sweepstakes. Boy-oboy, what excitement as the blondes and brunettes come tearing into the last stretch! The winner of an Irish Sweepstakes gets only a flowering wreath and a bag of oats—but ah, the winner of a Glamour Girl Sweepstakes gets practically everything, including a chinchilla coat, a nice contract, and Howard Hughes, Gene Markey, and Tyrone Power. I'll say.

Last year the Glamour Girl Sweepstakes of 1938 were won by a Dark Horse, who had been kept under wraps at the Metro Stables, by the name of Hedy Lamarr. Before the race there had been plenty of talk that Hollywood was doing away with Glamour. because the fans (and my dears, you have no idea how Hollywood bends backward to please you) seemed to have become frightfully bored with breathless beauty and the thrilling ecstasy of complete other-worldishness, and had much rather have homey folk with freckles on their screen—you know, the Mickey Rooneys, the Myrna Loys, and the Jane Withers. And then came Hedy. And Glamour rose in the air like Ferdinand as he sat on the bee.

So this year—now that it has been decided that Glamour is here to stay—there is more interest than ever in the Glamour Girl Sweepstakes. Every pretty young girl wants to win. Every studio wants a winner. (It means money in the bank.) Let's take a gander at the entries. Metro has a possible

A symbolic picture of Ann Sheridan who bids fair to swing the highest in the bright sunshine of picture fame. But no swing stays up forever.



The thing called glamour is so mysterious that it is immeasurable. Ann Sheridan is smouldering with the same allure that in days of old started Helen of Troy in the ship business. Perhaps Tennyson had a premonition of too much screen enticement when he wrote: "'I am half sick of shadows,' said the Lady of Shallot."

winner in Virginia Grey, or Jo Ann Sayers, or Lana Turner.

Virginia's a Hollywood girl, a daughter of a comedy director, who has been born and reared in the atmosphere of the picture business. She studied dancing as one of the famous Meglin kiddies, and has been playing bits in important pictures since she was nine. She has a Metro contract and has been showing such ability in her last pictures—she was one of the students in "Dramatic School" and one of the dancing girls in "Idiot's Delight"—that she's got a good chance now of stepping out there in front and winning the Glamour Girl race. Also, she's Dick Arlen's best girl friend.

Jo Ann Sayers, whose real name is Miriam Lucille Lilygren, was elected Ski Queen at the University of Washington ice carnival in the winter of 1938. A talent scout saw her and asked her to come to Hollywood for a screen test. She came, she took the test, and she was put immediately into "Young Dr. Kildare." Since then Jo Ann has appeared in "Honolulu," "Huckleberry Finn" and "Four Girls in White." Maybe she'll be the winner.

Red-headed Lana Turner, who comes as near being a Clara Bow as Hollywood has ever had the good fortune to have since the famous flapper married and settled down on her Nevada ranch, is a former Hollywood High School girl. After a test she was given a contract and the role of Mary Clay in "They Won't Forget." She was born in Wallace, Idaho, and is eighteen years old, and the most popular of the younger set in Hollywood—much to the despair of her studio bosses who are constantly lecturing her about too many night clubs. You saw Lana in "Love Finds Andy Hardy," "Rich Man, Poor Girl," and "Dramatic School." She has a red automobile that reminds you of a fire department. Metro is very excited over Lana's future. She has plenty of that well known "S. A." And I don't mean South America.

At the Paramount Stables we find two exciting entries, either of whom is likely to be a winner. Isa Miranda is ready to make her debut in her first American picture, "Hotel Imperial," which will be previewed any day now. And another Garbo may be acclaimed over night! Isa, who comes from Italy, was once hailed by the late Gabriele D'Annunzio as "The most glamorous woman in the world"—and after all D'Annunzio did know a thing or two about glamour. Isa's best known European picture is "The Lie of Nina Petrovna" in which she co-starred with the attractive Fernand Gravet. When Paramount got a load of that they sent her a contract to sign and she has been in Hollywood ever since improving her English.

From Paramount also comes Patricia Morrison who has been dubbed, by make-up expert Wally Westmore, as the only "blonde brunette" in Hollywood. According to Westmore, "Miss Morrison is a striking brunette with a brunette voice and a distinctly blonde personality." Well, that ought to lead to something. Patricia was born in New York twenty-one years ago and made her stage debut on Broadway last winter in "The Two Bouquets." Paramount [*Continued on page* 74]



Helen Chandler, Bramwell Fletcher, Clare Boothe, Gladys Swarthout, Frank Chapman, Valentina and Clifton Webb. A group of brilliant people relaxing in the convivial cafe society that gathers when the theatres become dark and silent.

FLASHSHOTS

By
Jerome Zerbe



Wayne Morris, roosting on a monument on Riverside Drive, caught the eye of one of those autograph girls.

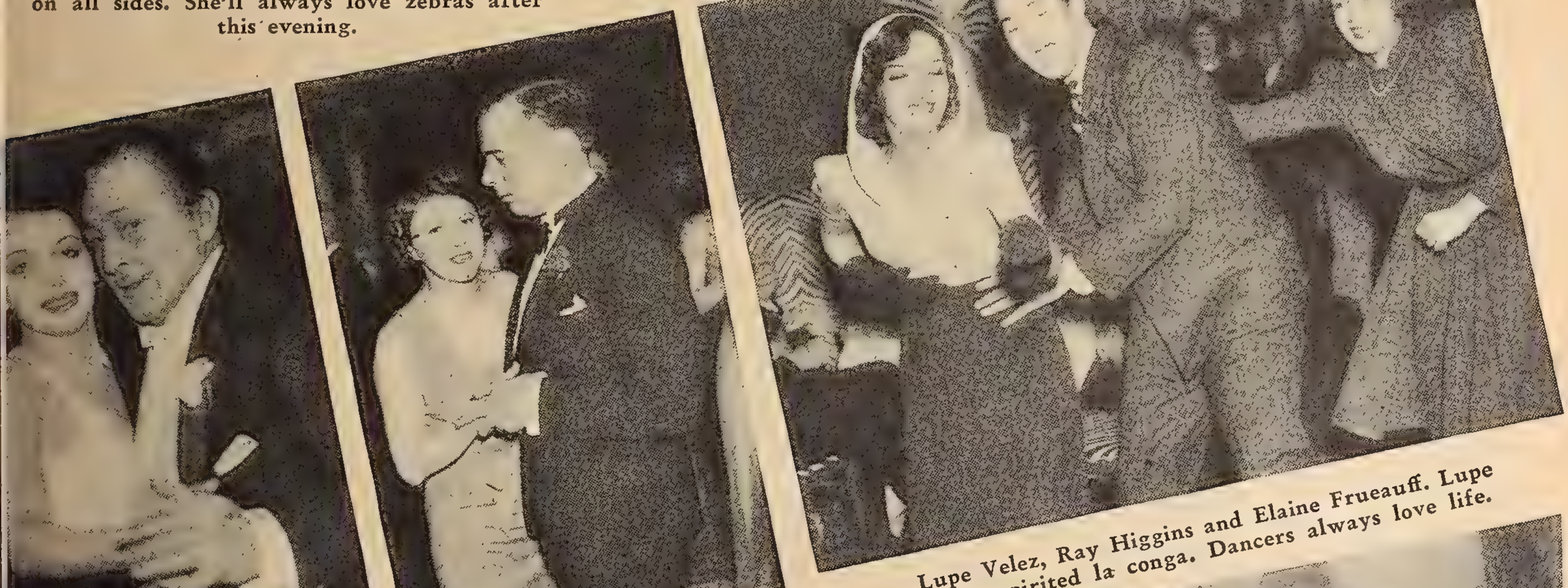


Florence Eldredge, poised and self-confident again, now that she and Fred have at last stunned Manhattan with the successful "The American Way."

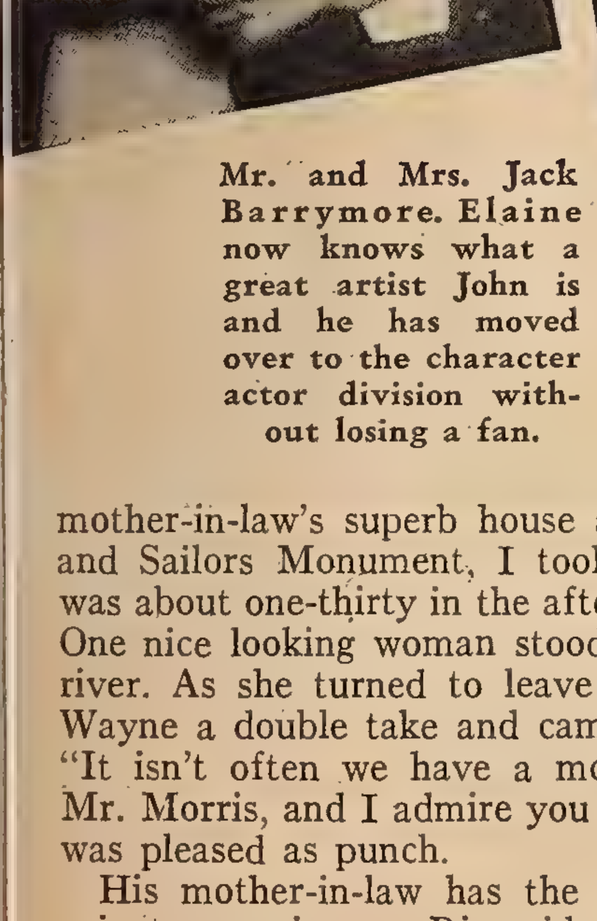
WAYNE MORRIS had suggested that we go skating and then have lunch, but, although the air was cold and brisk, we found the rink on upper Riverside Drive wasn't open. We walked down the four blocks between the skating rink and his



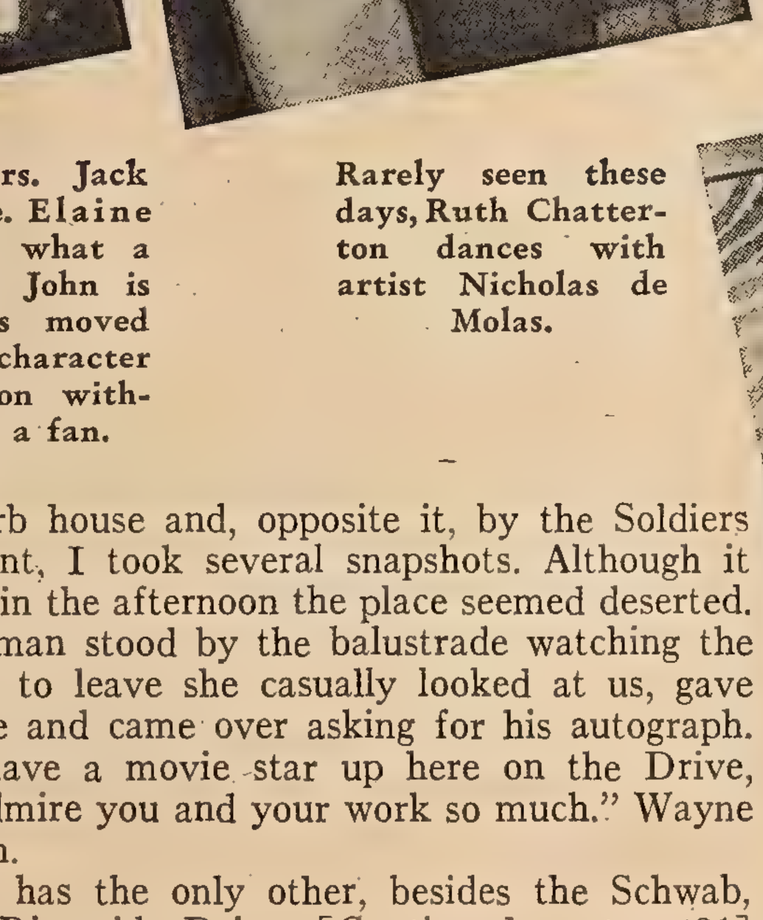
Socialites Randolph Burke and Wendy Iglehart, Errol Flynn and Bruce Cabot. What a life for a girl! Just handsome, famous guys on all sides. She'll always love zebras after this evening.



Lupe Velez, Ray Higgins and Elaine Frueauff. Lupe does a spirited la conga. Dancers always love life.



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Barrymore. Elaine now knows what a great artist John is and he has moved over to the character actor division without losing a fan.



Rarely seen these days, Ruth Chatterton dances with artist Nicholas de Molas.



Little Sylvia Sidney, now a big legitimate star, is still loved for her screen artistry.



If you didn't know George Brent, you'd think he feared lenses.

mother-in-law's superb house and, opposite it, by the Soldiers and Sailors Monument, I took several snapshots. Although it was about one-thirty in the afternoon the place seemed deserted. One nice looking woman stood by the balustrade watching the river. As she turned to leave she casually looked at us, gave Wayne a double take and came over asking for his autograph. "It isn't often we have a movie star up here on the Drive, Mr. Morris, and I admire you and your work so much." Wayne was pleased as punch.

His mother-in-law has the only other, besides the Schwab, private mansion on Riverside Drive. [*Continued on page* 81]

On What Does *Masculine Charm* Depend?



Is it the manly physique, the handsome face or something else that earns the big money?

By Gladys Hall

COMING out of the preview of "Idiot's Delight" not long ago, a lad and a lass, streamlined, directly in front of us, caught our eye and ear. The lad was a likely looking, well-packaged gift to womankind. Or so, in my simple fashion, it seemed to me. He was tall. He was dark. He was handsome. He was turned out by an excellent tailor. He had the outboard-motor chest of a football player. Edging around him, profile-wise, I was prodded in the eye by an Arrow Collar chin like the prow of a ship. He took a few, staccato, off-to-Buffalo steps, and very good, too, and demanded, self-confidently, "What has Gable got that I haven't got? Tell me that!"

Like the drip-drip-drip of tiny icicles came the girl's voice: "I can't tell you," she said, "I haven't got the heart!"

I took another gander at him. And blinked. And thought, I'd have the heart to tell him but not the ability. I don't *know* why he hasn't got what Gable has. He has the looks. His teeth are excellent. There's a smart car waiting for him and his gal at the curb. The gal is wearing orchids. He knows how to do things and does them. He's so possessive she'll have black and blue marks before she gets to the car. He'd make Cagney look like a polyp. He's got more hair than Taylor. Beery couldn't lick him in any fight, let the script read as it might. His eyes are bigger than Tyrone's. Right now he's looking more wistful than Jimmy Stewart ever did. His shoulders are broader than Flynn's, his smile more expansive than Gable's and—*he doesn't mean a thing.*

But why? Or why not? On what, for heavens sake, *does* masculine charm depend? Good looks? But his cup of good looks is pressed down and running over. Physique? *Plenty* of it. Poor, old over-used "personality"? Probably not, but *why* not? Is there no way of isolating the germ? Then and there I decided that the young man might not mean a thing to the girl shrinking on his arm, Gable still in her hair, but he was going to mean something to me. Oh, not what you think. I mean, he gave me the idea of playing a questionnaire game called "On What Does Masculine Charm Depend?"

He gave me the idea of taking a few of the most charming he-charmers, pulling them apart, pushing their profiles around, tearing off their wings in an effort to find out what, in so many words, makes them the most sighed-over, lipstick-smeared men in the world. So here goes. If I can't answer my own questions,

at least I'll have a lot of fun kicking the things around.

I'll begin with Gable. I'll probably end with him, too, the rakehell Romeo, going around making nice girls dissatisfied with their nice, young men with outboard-motor chests and all.

A glamorous woman star once said to me that Gable is the idol of several dozen continents because he is a MAN. Which didn't strike me as a startlingly original observation. I'd thought of *that* myself. Pressed to amplify, the lovely Norma—there, I've gone and let the Shearer out of the bag!—went on to explain that by "MAN" she means that Gable has, triple-distilled, the "things" which women—and men, too—consider applicable to a man when he is very *he*-mannish, that is, dogs, hunting, pipes, tweeds (and the smell of pipe and tweeds), leather jackets, trailers, the Big Woods, the sea and all that.

But is that all or isn't it? Is it possible that a Gable without the Gable eyes, stripped of the Gable smile, divorced from the Gable shoulders would still cause women seizures? Is it only that essence of ruggedness, of he-mannishness which women find lacking in their own less virile males which makes them long for a Gable? I doubt it. I feel reasonably certain that my Young Man Of The Theatre Lobby—and many like him—has a dog, a pipe, a suit of tweeds, and is handy with rod and gun. Yet the eyes of the girl on his arm were bemused with Gable.

It occurs to me that putting exactly the right ingredients in exactly the right "package" has a deal to do with charm, masculine and feminine. I mean, give to quiet Franchot Tone the lustiness of Gable and the result (*Contined on next page*)



James Stewart appeals to the maternal instinct. Anyhow, his star is rising.



No player on the screen has weathered tougher going than Robert Taylor. He's got something!

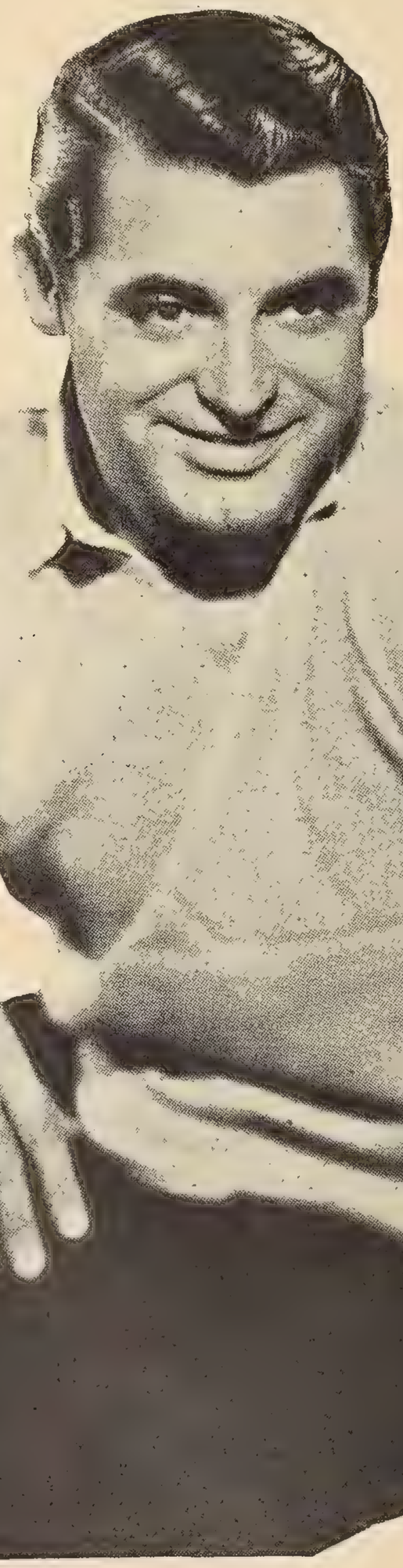
In "Lucky Night" the fightingest of the heroes shows he is still a romantic actor even if he can punch.

would be fantastic. Give to Gable the reserve, the gentle dignity which is Franchot's and the result would be pathetic, even comic. It's the combination of the Gable spirit *and* the Gable eyes, ears and shoulders which turns the stunning trick. It's because his spirit swaggers in the swagger "coat" of his body. I am sure that if Gable, though possessed of all the qualities which are his, were "turned out" in a chassis three feet high, *with* a beard, the two women who sat next to me at the preview of "Idiot's Delight" would never have undergone such paroxysms of delight over Clark as to make *them* idiots. Nor were they alone in their wild writhings. Men and women alike responded to that lusty figure on the screen. But to what, precisely, did they respond?

To that challenge, I say. To that great, glowing carefree personality housed in that particular body. Yes, this is it. Yes, somehow we are challenged by Gable, men and women, young and old. The rake-helling Romeo in that picture took love and life and war and women and himself and hurled them in our faces, daring us to take them seriously, daring us not to take them seriously. That's the "why" of Gable, I submit, off and on the screen—*the spirit of challenge*. What's this? You don't agree? You think *what?* Oh, you do. Is that a nice thing to say? Well, let's skip it. Let's give it back to Norma. Gable's charm depends on the fact that he is a MAN and we know it, and how!

But then, rather confusingly, there's Jimmy Stewart. Not that Jimmy isn't a man, too, and Metro knows it. But certainly his masculine qualities are of quite a different quality than Gable's, packaged quite differently, too. Certainly Jimmy wouldn't challenge a *mouse* without first apologizing.

Several years ago, when Jimmy first came to Hollywood and unpacked his overnight bag in a Hollywood hotel and the Press Passed By to look him over, there were ominous head-wagglings and pessimistic pen-squigglings. The question: "What Romantic Leading Man to date has gone places with what Jimmy Stewart has to work with?" was raised. The answer to that might have lifted Jimmy and his options right out of Hollywood.



It was variously observed that Jimmy was long and thin and pipe-stemmish and laconic and so wistful that you felt like slugging him so you could stop suffering . . . it was remarked that he has an eyebrow which refuses to stay put, hair that his mother combed, the last time, when he was nine . . . and more of the same. Much more.



The most pugnacious lady-bopping star is James Cagney. He makes girls look so pretty with shiners.

And then what does James do? James fools 'em. James ups and takes the longness and the leanness, the wistfulness, the eyebrow, the uncombed hair, the underlip, puts them all together and adds up to a personality which is now hailed as replete with "charm," "tenderness," "latent strength," "pathos," "humor," "sublimated sex-appeal." And, in all the film colony, James knows no peer. Good looks? *No.* Not according to the popular "school of thought" about movie-hero good looks. Physique? Uh-uh. Not unless you were marked by a pipe-stem before birth. Personality? I refused to admit it, I take some pride in being original. I can't answer this one. Maybe he's a changeling. Changelings are not as other men and do not need to be.

Now, then, there's Taylor—just a handsome youngster picked up out of Pomono, a kid from Nebrasky, Doc' Brugh's boy. Robert just stepped onto the screen in "Society Doctor," twirled a scalpel and was a star. Easy as pie. Easy as pie, too, to catalogue the superficial whys of that instantaneous combustion. The dark widow's peak, just made for the caressing fingers of women. The superbly cast face. The physique of an Olympian. These qualifications, one might say, dispensingly, if one were the lazy and dispensing type, just plumped Bob right down into the proverbial bowl of cherries.

But, I dunno . . . the resplendent male beauty of Nils Asther comes to mind, the sultry good looks of young Barry Norton . . . fat lot of good their comeliness did *them* . . . Nat Pendleton is doing better. Since that first success, Bob has lived through the ordeal of being a "Glamour Boy" and

If the box-office were a lady he would have even less trouble. When Cary Grant is ruthless feminine hearts go a-flutter and a yearning to surrender steals over them.

Right—Old pipe-smoker Clark Gable, the hero of ten years of adoration. If the girls don't know why they like him neither does Clark.

The fascinating, inscrutable eyes of Charles Boyer have re-established the tradition that Frenchmen are the Musketeers of Romance.



the point is, he *has* lived through it. Probably because he isn't, of course, a Glamour Boy at all. He is now cast in pictures calculated to prove to the Public that he is, above all, Hercules reincarnated, tossing the likes of Wally Beery carelessly around the open spaces. He is surviving this ordeal, too.

Both extremes of characterization are nicely calculated to make the Great American Public forget their manners and scoff, "Pfui!" But no, either way the G. A. P. has taken Doc Brugh's boy to its heart and *liked* him. There have been a few complaints, of course. But these can be discounted. Galahad himself would not escape a coupla cat-calls. Which is a triumph of something-or-other. And not a triumph of face or physique, since, if anything could have thrown Bob, it would have been, perversely enough, the ultra face and figger with which Nature equipped him.

When it comes to tearing Taylor to pieces to discover what makes our heads go round at sight and sound of him, I think I'll pass the buck to Virginia Bruce who played opposite him in "Society Doctor." Said Virginia one day as we were having tea and indulging in "girl-talk," "it's the ease and frankness of him. It's the way he enters a room as if it were his. It's the steadiness of his eyes and the readiness of his grin. It's a personal gallantry and a personal integrity which, added up, make a personality you both like and respect." Yes, to [*Continued on page* 67]



Handsomest, pleasantest, "successfulest" Tyrone Power has been miscast with fires, floods and bandit roles, but when Ty's searching eyes find a girl, it is always front page news.

Ed Sullivan "Spills the Beans"

Our favorite columnist (who hasn't forgotten that he is a reporter) finds in Hollywood a resistless tide that sweeps the players on to fame, or maroons them on the beach of the Forgotten Islands.



A great actress who has been badgered out of pictures. Katharine Hepburn would not accept the froth and foam of a bubble reputation. She wanted only the credit she had earned.

NO MATTER how big they are in Hollywood, they live in dread of the press, and it is a trifle startling to see the almost slavish behavior of famous stars when they come face to face with the Power of the Press, which is represented out here by uncounted hundreds of correspondents for newspapers and magazines and radio commentators. Hollywood, you see, is conditioned on publicity and the quest for it is a 24-hour-a-day process that jangles the nerves of all concerned.

Nearly everybody in Hollywood has a publicity agent, believe it or not. The day that a newspaperman arrives in this town, his phone starts tinkling: "This is Margaret Ettinger," says a female voice. "Our office handles quite a few of the most important players and directors out here, and if there is anything you wish, just let me know and I will arrange it for you." In rapid succession then you will be telephoned by Pauline Swanson, Charlotte Rogers, Scoop Conlon, Mack Miller, Russell Birdwell—but there is no need to men-

tion all of the telephone callers. The point is that everyone in town has a press agent to direct the Power of the Press into friendly and smooth-flowing channels.

This army of press agents is in addition to the hundreds of publicity men at the major studios who work under the top ballyhooer. The studios have specialists. One man will handle the top-ranking columnists, another will handle magazines, another will handle the radio commentators, another will handle the fashion editors. In addition, the studio publicity chief will assign individual men to his top stars, and individual men to sets on which pictures are being shot so that at all times the stars have a contact with the press.

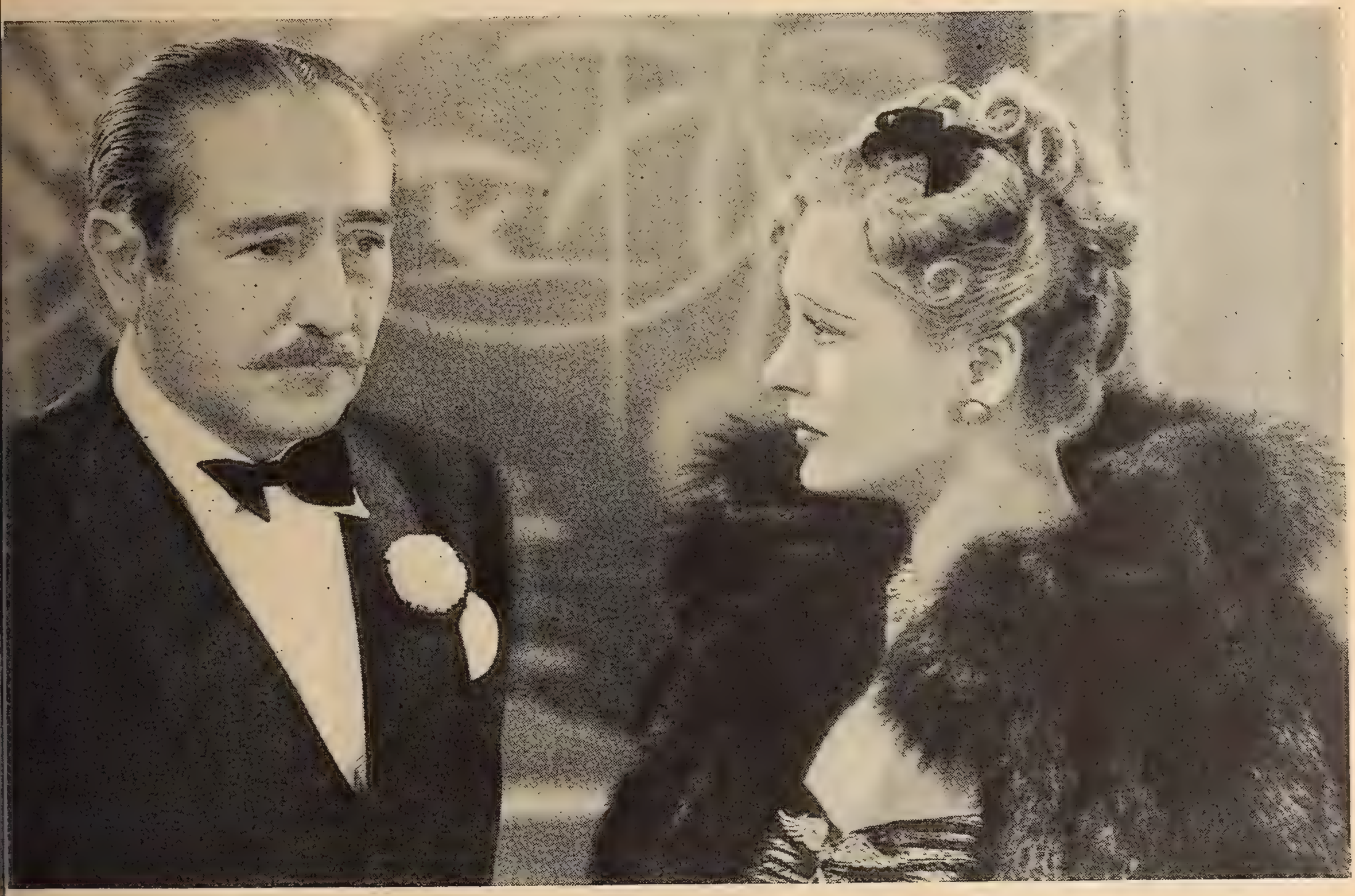
All of them are serving the Great God Ballyhoo, and seeing this vast army of drum-beaters about him, it is small wonder that the star is affected by it and salaams to the gentlemen of the press.

You might think, in your naivete, that a star as famous, say, as Norma Shearer, would be above this, and would be removed from any search for publicity. She is internationally noted. When she goes out into the market places of the world, people scream and fight to get near her, to touch the hem of her garment. Millions of dollars have been spent by M-G-M in advertising her pictures and in presenting her flawlessly. You'd think, then, wouldn't you, that Miss Shearer would not need a publicity man?

Let me tell you something that happened just recently. Norma, with the entire M-G-M publicity staff at her disposal, became dissatisfied with the publicity she was receiving. So



The star-makers have sickened Norma Shearer. Tinsel for her has lost its glitter.



Adolphe Menjou and Dolores Costello in "King of the Turf." In the midst of the crowding, surging, shouting of the frenzied spotlight-seekers, Menjou fights for the honor of an ancient art.

she engaged Russell Birdwell for $25,000 a year to plot a publicity campaign for her, to handle all of her press contacts and in other ways to see to it that she was presented to the Power of the Press in the most favorable light.

What, you ask, would Birdwell do for $25,000 a year? Well, on the March of Dimes radio program, Birdwell went to Eddie Cantor, the master of ceremonies, and asked him to let him examine the script. "May I see your introduction of Miss Shearer?" asked Birdwell. What he read was this: "I now present the First Lady of Hollywood, the Queen of Cinema, gracious Miss Norma Shearer." Birdwell hurriedly crossed all of that out, and substituted this: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, Norma Shearer." Birdwell's angle is that Norma, who is a very human human being, must be humanized, instead of being set up on a pedestal as a very dignified celluloid dowager. So Cantor introduced her as Norma Shearer, nothing else.

Miss Shearer's dissatisfaction with M-G-M's publicity, unfortunately, was a below-the-belt blow at the men who work at the Culver City studios. Actually what [*Continued on page* 80]

Vivien Leigh

Breezes In

To play the famous character of Scarlett in "Gone with the Wind," and won't her little daughter be proud!



Acme

In Darjeeling, India, on November 5, 1913, the Scarlett-Vivien discussion really started.

THEY were setting fire to Atlanta on the back lot of Selznick International Studio as production on "Gone with the Wind" finally got under way. A petite figure, a girl, watched the proceedings with avid interest.

She had been brought to the spectacular event by Myron Selznick, brother of the famous David O. And little did she know that a chance visit was to result in one of the most unexpected turns in her life.

As she stood watching the fire, David O. Selznick and George Cukor came towards her. Both of the men stared hard as they were introduced to her by Myron. It wasn't until David had almost drilled a hole in her by his continued staring that the thing happened.

"Miss Leigh, you seem perfect for Scarlett O'Hara?" he said abruptly. "Would you consider testing for the part?"

Vivien Leigh did consider it. And in a few days, as she sat in David's office, the perspiring public finally heard the dramatic announcement that Vivien Leigh was to play Scarlett. The long search was over.

I was talking to Miss Leigh in her dressing room at the studio. I had seen her do splendid work in such pictures as "Fire Over England," and "A Yank at Oxford." As I looked at her more closely, I was amazed to discover how much she resembled Scarlett. About five feet, three inches tall, with green eyes, and sort of reddish-brown hair, she had all the characteristics so long associated with the fiery Southern belle in Margaret Mitchell's book.

In a way I felt sorry for her, however. She was definitely in a spot. Hollywood columnists had not been any too kind to her since she was announced as the choice. And many irate fans had protested violently. She had, definitely, a very difficult job on her hands.

Vivien was curled up in a very imposing looking chair. Curled, at least, the best she could considering she was surrounded by a long, flowing dress supported precariously by hoops.

She certainly presented a dainty and appealing picture as she sat there waiting for me to bombard her with all my American brashness. No wonder interviewers, such as myself, frightened her, for we reporters here have a habit of being so abrupt we scare lots of unsuspecting people. Of course, Vivien was more concerned because she wasn't sure whether or not I was one of the disgruntled correspondents who had heckled her as a choice. I wasn't.

"Well," I began cautiously, "what do you think about finally landing the part?"

She became suddenly enthusiastic. She must have sensed I was on her side, for her eyes glowed as she answerd me.

"It's a great thrill—and an unexpected honor," she began in her charming and clipped speech. "You know, I just came here for a visit. In fact, I even had reservations for the trip back to England. I had no idea of playing Scarlett. Now, when I realize what has happened to me, I'm terribly excited and a little afraid.'

"Then you are really glad to have been cast as Scarlett?"

"Certainly!" she exclaimed. Who wouldn't? It's a marvelous part. It is such a challenge, too, for me, for I don't consider myself as experienced as many of the fine American actresses who were mentioned for the part. It makes my job harder, because I know I have to be not just good, but great.

"Scarlett means a lot to me. It's my big chance to prove to myself that I can play a marvelous role and do it well. I'm

not going to fail either, for I've never worked harder in my life than I have on this picture."

There is no doubting the sincerity of her remarks. She knows all too well the spot she is in and what is expected of her. But with such determination, I hardly see how she can miss.

"Weren't you more than a little afraid," I asked after a while, "about the possible consequences to your career by playing Scarlett? Doesn't the role rather make you wonder about your future?"

"Yes, I was afraid—in fact, I still am," she replied quite pointedly. "Afraid because I knew what would be said about my being chosen. Afraid because I know that this is one part that simply cannot be done badly.

"That's why I'm keeping my fingers crossed all the time. I have a duty to every person who read the book and I have a duty to myself. I must fulfill both jobs capably."

"Yet you really haven't much to worry about the future," I said with an effort at encouragement, "for no matter what is the outcome of 'Gone With the Wind,' you're rather well set. After all, you have a contract with Selznick and a one picture a year deal with Alexander Korda. Besides, Mr. Selznick wouldn't have cast you if he had doubted your ability."

For a moment she said nothing. Then, with a smile that pathetically radiated her inner quakings, she looked at me with as much fire as Scarlett would.

"A future isn't just a security, a knowledge that you will always be provided for. You see, ever since I decided to become an actress, I have dreamed of some day doing a great part, such as Scarlett. That ambition has been my life. So I can't help feeling that if I fail, there will be no future—just a drab uncertainty, a listless existence."

As was to be expected, tea was served. In between sips, Vivien [*Continued on page* 62]

By Jack Holland



Acme

Making A *Photo Finish* of a Thoroughbred

On location with "The Lady's From Kentucky" company, in the blue grass fields of California.

By

Kathleen Coghlan



Ellen Drew and George Raft divide honors with the race horses and colts, but Miss Drew has the title role.

DOWN the coast of Southern California, ninety-five miles from Hollywood, a modern romance of the Blue Grass country is being enacted before the cameras for the picture "The Lady's From Kentucky," with George Raft, Ellen Drew and Hugh Herbert.

We left Hollywood at six o'clock in the morning and were whisked down the coast highway to Oceanside where we turned in from the blue Pacific ten miles along the El Camino Real (this means "The King's Highway" in Spanish, and was the original route travelled by the Franciscan friars who first settled California when it was a Spanish possession.)

We are puzzled at the thought of a Kentucky Blue Grass farm being photographed in this typically California countryside. But, upon arriving at the site of the Louis D. Lighton ranch, loaned to us for this film, we can understand why Al Hall chose this spot for the re-creation of the Kentucky horse farm. The fifty or sixty-year old white-washed stables seem to have been lifted bodily from a pasture below the Mason-Dixon line. Negro mammies and pickaninnies are loitering about the barnyard, and ducks, geese and fowl are going about their quiet lives in the lazy sunshine. But in the background of this rural scene we see the evidence of a movie company. Sound trucks, camera trucks, camera booms, waiting limousines with chauffeurs, racks of wardrobe, make-up tables, etc., dot the scene.

We look up the long winding driveway toward the ranch house on the hill. A scene is being shot on the driveway. Hugh Herbert is running up the hill and after him chases a wobbly-legged chestnut colt and follows him into the house. The scene is taken four or five times, the colt each time chasing Hugh wildly up the driveway. Upon investigating how a colt so young could be so easily trained to follow a person, we discover that the young one's mother has been installed inside the house out of view and the colt is running to its mother. Clever, these movie directors, in getting the desired effect.

Back to the stableyard moves the entire crew for a shot where George Raft invites Ellen Drew to go to the county fair with him on the following day. They are standing outside the stall of Roman Son, the horse about whom the main action of the story takes place. Behind them a colored groom leads another horse past the camera for "atmosphere."

"There's a sad case," comments Hugh Herbert, from the sidelights. "That extra used to be a star."

"What extra—the colored man?" asks one of the technicians.

"No," says Herbert, "the horse. Don't you recognize him? That's 'Broadway Bill.'"

And it's true. The "atmosphere horse" is Gallant Knight, featured with Warner Baxter a few years ago in Frank Capra's "Broadway Bill." He was barred from the featured equine role in this picture by that bogey of all picture stars, Time. Gallant Knight is nine years old.

Another famous horse that you'll see in "The Lady's From Kentucky" will be War, half-brother of War Admiral, looking every inch what he was meant to be—a champion. A brief account of his history is interesting. When he and War Admiral were colts, War was regarded as by far the more interesting of the two. So promising that Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt paid $46,000 for him. But something went wrong with him in training, Mrs. Van-

derbilt sold him and for a while War did not run at all.

During the next couple of years, while War Admiral went on to glory, becoming one of the great horses of American racing history, his forgotten half-brother changed hands several times. Once some unscrupulous gamblers got hold of him, made him what is known in the parlance of the turf as a "hophead." Animated by drugs, War became triumphant at the county fairs, until his health broke.

He was about to be sold for meat when Charlie Cooper, a true horseman with the proper sentiment, heard about it. He brought War, a sickly case of nerves, to Rancho San Luis Rey, near Oceanside, California, and began nursing him back to health and an active career.



Not many months later War returned to the track. The wise guys said he was through, but War turned out to be a new horse. And in the mile and a quarter at Santa Anita, he not only won the race, but broke the track record as well. He won a few more races, then began losing them. He was again retired to the ranch where some months later Louis Lighton purchased him for stud purposes.

And now at Rancho Monserate, War is the proud father of five sons. Three will go to the track at Inglewood, California, next May.

Below — Picture-making far from the studio, like any sweepstake event, is a race against time, Hostlers, Ellen Drew and, at right, George Raft.

A problem so screwy as to be without precedent even in Hollywood threatened to present the whole company with revolt while filming this production. The cause of everything is referred to by those involved under the working title of "the act of God horse," and the problem runs something like this:

If Ladybug, the Arabian mare, should give birth to her foal outside of working hours, could the studio require an entire motion picture troupe of more than 350 persons to drop everything, come out to the location at any hour of the night and go to work immediately? Director Al Hall and George Berthelon, company business manager, said the studio could and would do this.

It seems that for an important scene with Raft and Ellen Drew, Director Hall needed a foal with very wobbly legs. The experts, however, pointed out that a foal's legs are quite wobbly for only about 24 hours after it is born. Consequently, Hall had to get his foal practically on the first bounce.

With this in mind, when the company went on location Hall obtained a stand-by mare that was about to become a mother any minute. She foaled, however, on a day when Raft had time off to attend to some business in Los Angeles.

Two other mares were obtained to stand by. One produced a foal that was unsuitable, and the property department found that it had been misinformed about the other mare—her time wouldn't come for a month yet. Finally Ladybug was obtained and rushed to the loca- [*Continued on page* 70]



When A

Then

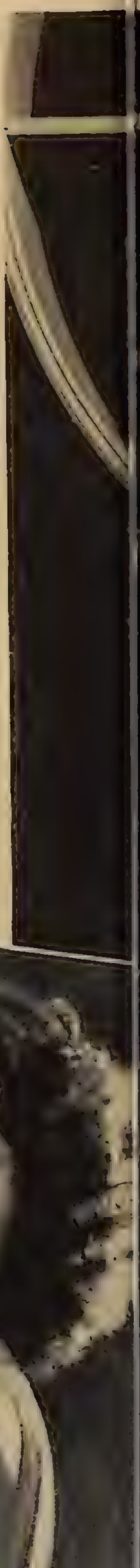
She Buys Herself A Present. What Some Happy Girls Purchased In Celebration.

By Alyce Shupper

Success has clothed Joan Crawford in the prettiest of dresses, which is more than you can say for the pinch-porridge days.



When Dorothy Lamour received her first movie money, she must have looked like a drunken sailor.





The first thing Olympe Bradna bought was a shiny new car.

EVERYONE'S idea of glamour is different. Russell Birdwell defines it in this way: "The quality of wearing an ermine coat as though you'd been born in it." Which is just another way of saying To The Manor Born.

Personally, I think a star feels glamorous when she has acquired a feeling of certainty, security and self-confidence.

For instance, isn't there something you always dreamed of having? Something like a diamond bracelet or a silver fox coat? It has always seemed to be a desire that was far off, and you always thought about it, not because you felt that one day you would have it, but only for the pleasure such dreams gave you. Yet, way back in your subconscious mind this idea took root, and blossomed into an ambition, even though you didn't fully realize it.

Then, suddenly you get a chance in pictures . . . a small part, and the ambition moves into your conscious mind. You don't feel foolish when you think about it. The public likes you and you get a contract. By this time, you even talk about that bracelet to your friends.

And, one day, you find yourself buying that bracelet, for your contract gives you security against the fear of not having money to cover. When you put on that piece of jewelry, you feel confident (because you earned it, being an actress, which was your ambition) and glamorous, because in the back recesses of your mind you always

Star Clicks—

What Happens?





A luxurious ermine cape, and Wendy Barrie its proud owner. At first it was only *so* long, but it grew longer!

felt that owning a diamond bracelet made a woman stunning.

Take the case of Jeanette MacDonald. Back in the days when she was singing in a chorus on Broadway, she could not help but notice the difference between her lingerie and that of the other members of the troupe. The girls would often tease her about the practicability of her undergarments. But Jeanette was studying voice and could not spend her salary for a pair of lace panties. The first check that she got on her Hollywood contract went to buy nothing but lingerie. Soft lustrous satin things, with exquisite laces and embroidery. She later told me that it was only then that she fully realized that she was a motion picture star.

Wendy Barrie always wanted an ermine cape and a chance to do her hair up with jeweled clasps. When she was told that she would get a good contract to sign, she rushed off to Westmore's and had Perc do her hair in five different styles, but went home with her old hairdress. She felt it was the most becoming way and Westmore agreed with her. That bubble had burst mighty quick. However, when she received her first check she went out to buy that ermine cape. Of course she couldn't afford a long one at that time, so she got one that reached to her hips. Every once in a while she has it lengthened a few inches. Right now it reaches her knees, but Wendy says she won't feel like a full-fledged star until that cape touches her ankles.

Back in the days when Joan Crawford worked her way through Stevens College as a waitress, she had hoped to be on intimate terms with the other students, but soon learned that they did not feel that she belonged to their class. Joan never forgot that. Her first desire after she "arrived" was to find culture and good grooming. She told me: "When I arrived in Hollywood I was met by one of the executive's secretaries. I was wearing a badly fitted grey suit and a large hat. There were large bows on my shoes . . . you know the type!"

Joan's change was a deliberate one. It was a long time before she could wear a fur coat as though she had been born in it. Yet, today she is one of the best dressed women in Hollywood. She looks smart mostly because of the simplicity of her clothes. I saw her yesterday. She had on an elec- [*Continued on page* 66]



Jane Froman's luck has misled a number of air-yearners.

How *Not* To Break Into Radio

It takes more than nerve, courage or gall to crash a broadcasting studio but they have all been tried.

By Ruth Arell

WHEN he came into the office at eleven that morning and asked for Eddie Cantor, the pop-eyed comedian's secretary said her boss wasn't in; in fact, wouldn't be in that day. The visitor looked disappointed and left. And the girl forgot all about him. But he was very forcefully brought to her attention at 5:30 that afternoon when she went to draw the shades before closing up for the day. For there, perched on the narrow ledge outside the window, a dizzy twenty stories up from the ground, she found the young man of the morning.

When she got help to yank him in, she demanded: "Why did you do such a fool trick?"

Then he told his story. He had hitch-hiked from the mid-west, determined to get into radio and it seemed to him that soft-hearted Cantor, who had helped many another unknown, would be the logical person to ease him onto the air-waves. When the secretary said Eddie wasn't in, he was sure she was fibbing. So he got into a nearby empty office, climbed out on a ledge and then crawled along to the right window, peeping in occasionally to see whether Cantor

Trying to out-smart Fred Waring is an old and tough game, and Fred is still on top. Below—Kate Smith was coming 'round the microphone one day to help a girl, but the girl turned out to be a spindle-voiced cheat.



had actually come in.

Eddie shuddered when he was told about the incident. "I can't possibly see every single person who comes to me. If I did, I actually wouldn't have time for my own work. As for this boy, I don't care how much talent he may have, I simply won't see him, just to discourage any other such crazy action. The great pity of it all is that his stunt was so unnecessary. If he's got the goods, there are regular channels by which he would have been given a fair hearing to get into radio, and there was no sense in trying to sidestep them. If he hasn't got what it takes, why does he bother me? I can't make a polished professional out of a rank amateur."

Eddie's experience, while rather drastic, is by no means unusual. One of the prices of fame that the topnotchers pay, and about which you hear so little, is that they are usually the object of somebody's screwy attention in the hope that they will smooth the way to radio fame and fortune for the applicant. The folks who pull off these stunts simply won't heed the wise and experienced advice of the stars who say: "Stay away unless you have something on the ball, know what to do with it, have a lot of patience, and plenty of money to take care of yourself while you are waiting." If they would only listen, they would spare themselves a lot of headaches, heartaches, and actual physical pain.



When Martha Raye hires a servant she has to weed out the crooners and harmonizers.

But no. They've read somewhere that James Melton got his chance by singing in a corridor outside the late Roxy's office and the showman was so impressed that he gave Jimmy a job; that Jane Froman sang at a party and wowed a radio executive there; and that So-and-So got on the air by pulling a grand bluff. So they go ahead, plunging into bigger and better (they hope) plots to bring themselves to the attention of the person they have picked on to help them.

How do you think Fred Waring felt, for instance, when a traffic cop stopped him in the wee sma' hours as he was driving home after a late broadcast, and told him he had a stowaway on his spare tire? Honest Injun, that's where he was perched. This boy's story was that he wanted to sing in Fred's glee club but felt he didn't have a chance to register on Fred merely by auditioning in the regular way. So he conceived the idea of snuggling around the rear tire as Fred backed out of the parking lot. He didn't know that Fred lived up in Westchester, a good long drive from the broadcasting studio, but it probably wouldn't have made any difference. He had already been more than an hour in that back-breaking position when the cop stopped the car. All he said when he crawled out was: "I wanted to see you alone and this was the only way!"

Instead of winning admiration for his courage, all he got was a load of disgust. Fred gave the cop some money to put the nuisance on the train for home and wearily resumed his drive home.

And you can well imagine announcer Milton J. Cross' surprise when two bedraggled little girls came looking for him at NBC one morning, stating they were ready to work with him on his children's hour broadcast. About nine and eleven years old, they certainly looked out of place in the radio studio. Drawing them aside, he soon got their story. And a pitiful one it was. They came from Georgia, they said, where their mother had scrimped and saved to give them elocution and music lessons. With her last meagre few dollars, she had put them on a bus for New York, armed only with a box of sandwiches and the address of the broadcasting company.

The announcer got in touch with the Travellers' Aid Society, who sent the children safely home, and then he wrote a rebuking letter to the mother. Did you think it ended there? You should know better. A few months later she wrote to him stating that the children had improved considerably and she was sending them North again. Only by notifying the local authorities was he able to get her to refrain from again subjecting those two little girls to such a cruel experience.

Not all stories of how not to crash radio are quite so bleak. Kate Smith's favorite deals with a girl who took a logical means of approach for a singing job on her program, but over-reached herself so far that she didn't get it. Which often is the case when a gal gets too smart for her own good. It seems that every week she'd send Kate a recording of a popular song, accompanied by a note requesting a personal audition. When about a dozen of these recordings had accumulated, Kate decided to play them off to see if they were any good. To her surprise, they were grand. And no wonder—but that's getting ahead of the story. Kate set a time for the audition and was all set to tell the world of her new find. But to her dismay, in person the girl had a thin, reedy voice utterly unlike the lush, velvety contralto tones of the recordings. Finally she confessed that she had taken recordings done by Frances Langford and had gone to the expense of having them re-recorded so that the introduction giving the real name of the singer was omitted. And she was naive enough to hope that once she heard her, Kate would like her own voice better than the recording. P. S. She left, a sadder and wiser girl and minus a job.

Really, there is no expense or lengths to which some determined would-be artists won't go to make an impression on the established folks in radio. Lanny [*Continued on page* 64]

"Love Is First With Me"

By Ben Maddox

Claire Trevor would be a brilliant gem in any crown and she is not out-blazed even in Picture Village.



Clark Andrews is a personage in his own right. Anyhow, Claire thinks so.



Acme

CLAIRE TREVOR was so thoroughly blue about not finding love in Hollywood that she decided to take on an extra career. She had established herself in pictures, and if they wanted to double her income by making her a radio star, too, she figured she might as well say yes. After all, she had retorted "No!" so often, and there was no man in her life on whom she could concentrate at the moment.

None of her friends knew she was going to team with Edward G. Robinson in a weekly air drama until the contracts were all signed. They'd long since given up attempting to influence her, one way or the other, anyway, because whenever they had advice for her Claire was against it.

"I never do anything but what feels best, in my own mind," she invariably explained, firmly and frankly. "It's still the only way I know to get what I want," she declares, quite a different young woman from that discouraged, super-scheduled girl of yesteryear. Now she's not only twice as famous, but she's the happiest wife in Hollywood, besides. She looked for further distraction in more work, and stumbled into the real romance of her life with the darkly handsome young boss she acquired with the new job.

The funny thing about her meeting with Clark Andrews was that she really didn't bother to say any more than hello. He wasn't a loud-talking authority on everything under the sun, and so she made a mistake and presumed he was just along for atmosphere! She'd put her name on the legal papers for her radio debut in her agent's office, and she was discussing the new program over a luncheon table at the Assistance League tea-room. The silent young man merely smiled occasionally. In those days Claire had nothing else but her star system to get steamed up about, so she listened to the fellow who was talking so definitely.

No one could have been more astonished than Claire was three days later. The producer of her radio show called at her home to go over the script of the first broadcast with her. He wasn't the man she'd listened to; he was the calm, quiet, attractive one she'd practically ignored! Concealing her embarrassment as best she could, she proposed they get right to reading the script.

In a few minutes she was further shocked. He wasn't any average Hollywood male, either. He had no conceit, no braggadocio. It was obvious he came from a good family. She inquired if he'd gone to college. Yes, he'd graduated from Yale and he'd sampled Cambridge and studied a spell at the Sorbonne in Paris. But the intelligence and manners of a gentleman were topped by a swell sense of [*Continued on page 73*]



WE POINT
WITH PRIDE

TO

JEANETTE MACDONALD

She has sung her way into a million hearts.

A LIST of the plays and operettas she has played in would awaken pleasant memories, but our affection for beautiful talented Jeanette is deeper than that. It is an emotion that lifts us away from the earthbound, like her own lovely voice.



One of our most modest stars, but usually asse
with never-to-be-forgotten successes. Her late
ture is "Lucky Night." A good title for an e
with Myrna



RITA HAYWORTH

comes a day when a beautiful stranger is pose
posed in the hope that her portr will win
s for the starlet. It worke se and
e laying a red carpet of w sa and
her next picture, "P

DON SAMPCHE

BING CROSBY



The powers-that-be sign contracts and make takes put Bing in a ture called "Paris Holi moon," and probably day, Bing's horses didn't well and probably, that there was static on the and one of the sick. But that's all Bing for Bing hele

Futur



JEAN PARKER

The satin of her period gown and the lovely silken roses are in harmony with the gentle curving girl whom the movies are shaping into a very desirable woman. Her next picture is "Zenobia."



ROSEMARY LANE

How they used to talk about "It" and "S.A.!" The labels are forgotten, the proud possessors of those allures are gone, but Rosemary is with us and now we understand what they were talking about!

DEANNA DURBIN

"Three Smart Girls Grow Up" reads the title. Deanna cannot grow fast enough to outgrow her great popularity.


PAUL MUNI
The picture that promises to be the finest of all pictures is "Juarez." But whatever the story turns out to be, this remarkable portrait of our greatest actor makes us eager to witness another Muni triumph

The "Last Look"

Left—A three color evening gown, lovely for informal wear when worn with the tufted white crepe bolero. The exquisitely cut black crepe skirt is girdled with a gracefully draped crimson crepe sash knotted in front. The white crepe bodice has tiny puffed sleeves and V neckline clipped with a Florentine gold brooch studded with vari-colored jewels. Right—Navy blue sheer wool is used for this simple, one-piece dress with its V neckline clipped with dull silver. The girdle is chartreuse suede harmonizing with the plaid stripe in the bolero jacket with its three-quarter length sleeves. Jane's rolling brimmed sailor and other accessories are navy blue.

Word"

IS

SPRING

FASHION



Lovely Jane Wyman Gives You A Charming Idea Of What The Girl Of "Today" Should Look Like.

COUTURIERS are convinced that the dread term "middle age" has definitely disappeared from the vocabulary of ever American women. It all started hen a certain far-reaching designer iginated the popular mother-daughter esses. The girl of "today" can be frankeighteen or unfrankly forty. But you'd ver guess which from the way she esses. Any one of the four costumes illstrated here could be worn with equal ccess by a debutante or a sophisticated atron. Which simplifies life beautifully for the fashion-conscious woman.



Fashions For That "Schoo
girl" Look That Both Pari
And Hollywood Insist Upo
This Spring.



Left—Lovely for promenading, travelling or for wear under a loose top-coat is this beige and tobacco brown dressmaker type wool crepe suit, with its gored, swing skirt, and cutely nipped-in jacket with graceful three-quarter length sleeves. A dark brown vagabond felt hat adds distinction to this costume; also tobacco brown suede gloves that reach to the end of the coat sleeves. The large envelope bag is of glossy beige kidskin.

On opposite page—Jane wears a smart printed sheer of deep beet-root red splashed with white. The bolero jacket is heavily shirred and caught into cords at three inch intervals in harmony with the blouse, a charming touch to which is a flattering lingerie bow at the throat. The pleats of the skirt are stitched about four inches down from the waist, which is girdled in beet-root smooth leather. With this Jane wears black accessories.

"Elementary, my dear Watson"



You must have read "The Hound of the Baskervilles." *The hound is loose again!* Take your gun with you when you see it.

The baying of the mysterious killer will at last be heard, but Sherlock Holmes will be there.



Lionel Atwill and Beryl Mercer registering a few feet of terror as the sinister sound comes across the moor.



Director Sidney Lanfield with Richard Greene and Wendy Barrie. They introduce the love interest, but with what a handicap!

THE great Conan Doyle could play upon your nerves as a virtuoso can play on a violin. The music of performers is forgotten or canned but a great writer's creations live forever, and you will never again hear the baying of hounds without a shiver of fear—and a memory of Sherlock Holmes, greatest of detectives.



CAN YOU SWIM 2¼ MILES?

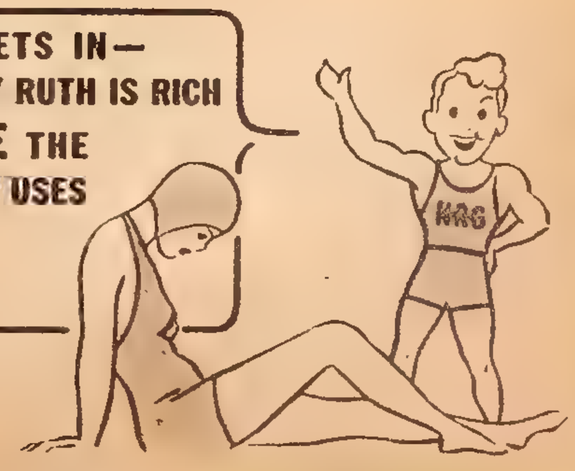
ENERGY TESTS WITH BABY RUTH

By actual calorimetric tests, a good swimmer, weighing 120 lbs., can swim for 2¼ miles (average speed 3 miles per hour) on the food energy contained in one delicious 5c bar of Baby Ruth.

Swimming is great fun, great exercise. But it is a strenuous drain on body energy. Baby Ruth candy, so popular among candy lovers for its purity and goodness, is a source of real food energy—which all active people need. Baby Ruth is rich in pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. So for enjoyment and food energy, make Baby Ruth your candy. Millions do.

CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL., OTTO SCHNERING, President

WHEN FATIGUE SETS IN—
Remember BABY RUTH IS RICH IN **DEXTROSE** THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR **ENERGY!**



ELLEN DREW

She's the Darling of the Doggies and also leading woman of "The Lady's From Kentucky," but the pup harvest seems to her more important.



The Sun Never Sets on David Niven

Another Britisher reaches first base!



By S. R. Mook

THE rain came down in sheets. A sixty mile an hour gale blew the water in every direction. Inside the dressing room an electric heater cast a rosy hue over everything. David Niven looked out the open door. "It ain't a fitten night or man or beast," he observed, "and I have to go out in it."

I followed his gaze. Perforated pipes were strung above the ntire set. Eight giant wind machines created the gale. Two nen came from the top of a hill and were joined at the foot y three or four others. David indicated one of the men. That's me," he informed me. It was his stand-in and they vere rehearsing a scene for "Wuthering Heights" before they alled David.



The men were supposed to be looking for Merle Oberon who was married to David but who had run away. The action took place inside one of the sound stages at United Artists Studio.

I happened to know at this moment Miss Oberon was basking in the sun on the sands at Santa Monica Beach. I also remembered the time she and Mr. Niven were betrothed and she had run away from him to England. It wasn't raining then, though, and, somehow, at the moment, it didn't seem politic to comment on the difference between real life and reel life.

"All this must seem funny—unreal to you," I commented to Niven.

He nodded. "I never started out in life to be an actor. My forebears were all army people. My father was a captain in the British army and when I grew up I joined the Highland Light Infantry. In due time I was commissioned. Can you imagine anything more incongruous than a British army officer making faces at a Hollywood camera, going out into a synthetic rainstorm, looking for a girl who is supposed to have just left the house and who, in reality, is miles away lolling on a sun-drenched beach?"

I shook my head sympathetically. "It seems to me," I opined, "you're in for a good ducking and all to no purpose. Why don't you just phone Merle and tell her she's got to be found and if she'd just come back today instead of tomorrow it would save you a wetting?"

It was David's turn to shake his head. "That would never do," he replied. "In the first place, if I did that we would lose one of the most thrilling scenes in the picture and, in the second place," he added with relish, "*she* wouldn't get wet either. In the third place Mr. Goldwyn is paying me a handsome salary to get wet and if I laid down on *my* end of the job there's no reason *he* shouldn't lay down on *his* end. And," he concluded heatedly, "I don't want anyone lying down on my checks either before or after they're signed. I'll take my ducking."

"What led up to all this?" I asked.

David grinned. "It's a long story," he averred. "Are you interested?"

"No," I jibed, "but the public is."

He grinned again. "I've heard about you and your wise-cracks," he retorted, "and I haven't heard anything good."

Having put me in my place in a manner that could best be described as "neat, but not gaudy," he continued. "As I told you, I went into the army. Promotion in the British service is [*Continued on page* 71]

David Niven is our one real Soldier of Fortune. He drifted across the world and far from home met up with Fame.



The fireplace is of veined black marble with a mantelpiece for the little clock. The pleasant garden can be seen through the arched windows. The heavy drapes of creamy moiré contrast gently with the green walls.

THE clock on Alice Brady's living room mantelpiece was at least a half hour fast. It was a pretty French clock with gilt babies frolicking on it and every now and then a little bell somewhere in its innards went "Ping!" I wondered whether Miss Brady used its ahead-of-time proclivity to urge herself to be on time for appointments or whether it served as a gentle hint to callers who stayed too long.

The fireplace was veined black marble and there were a pair of surprising gold ladies supporting the andirons. Arched windows and French doors furnished glimpses of a tree-and-shrub-filled garden. Dogs—lots of dogs—peered at me, barked and scuttled off and then returned to peer and bark again. I felt obliged to go and feel the drapes. Luscious things they were—heavy, creamy moiré, with faint tracings of gold and pale green. The walls were green, too, and the ceiling very high. The floor was composition stuff, shiny squares of black and gray.

There was a commotion somewhere above. Dogs barked from the garden, they barked from upstairs, they barked from unidentified points east, north and south. But they all barked. I heard Alice Brady's voice. . . .

"Do pardon me for being so slow about getting down these dratted stairs! I would get a house with stairs leading to and from every room and then break my ankle!" She toiled, child-fashion, down the long curved staircase, murmuring: "Have they made you comfortable?"

"I've been looking at your garden," I said. "Is that a little swimming pool out there?"

She stopped in the middle of the shiny floor. "What do you *mean,* 'little swimming pool'?" she demanded. "Are you casting aspersions? It's a large swimming pool!" If Alice Brady were not so indubitably a lady, I should say just here that she snorted at me. As it is I'll just say that she succeeded in making me feel snorted at. "Little swimming pool, indeed!" she grumbled.

It didn't seem that we were off to a really auspicious start and I tried hastily to change the subject. "It has dressing rooms and showers and places to lounge in the sun, that swimming pool!" she went on. "It's nice. The garden is nice, too. See that lily pool out there? It should have fish in it. But it hasn't." She seemed to feel some satisfaction about this lack. I decided to let the conversation ride gently along as it would.

"Is your house very large?" I inquired at last, thinking that the matter of the size of anything had better be approached carefully.

"I—I don't really know!" she said. "It has this room and some other rooms on this floor and upstairs there are some more rooms. I'll show

Her Performances On The Screen Rate Her Our Greatest Actress, But Applauding Thousands Have Not Disturbed Her Every-Day Irish Heart.

By Helen Louise Walker

A Peek into Alice Brady's Lovely Home





She is a good friend to dogs and lives with a pack of favorites. In her arms is a champion miniature schnauzer.

you. Now I'll turn on some lights." She looked around. "Do you see a light button anywhere? Never mind! I'll ring the bell and call Thomas. Only, I don't know where the bell cord is, exactly. It must be somewhere around. . . ."

She hunted for the bell cord while I hunted for the light button. Alice's efforts made drapes snap to and fro but brought no servants. I finally found a button which turned on some lights while she shouted, "Thomas!" A Chinese gentleman entered and fussed about with sidelights. Then he said, mournfully, "They do not go on, Mees Brady. She are bust!"

He retired to "do something about it" and Alice sighed, "You can see what kind of housekeeper I am—or am I? You'd think that with five servants . . . I think it's five. Let me see. Personal maid, butler, cook, driver, chambermaid. . . . I must have fired one!"

"That is five," I pointed out but she went on, "Of course there is a gardener but he doesn't work full time. Now what became of that other one?" I gave it up and abruptly the conversation veered to kitchens and food. So we repaired to the back of the house, somewhat to the astonishment of the Chinese butler and the colored cook. "Show Miss Walker what kind of stoves and things we have!" Alice directed.

The beaming cook displayed her gleaming stove and begged, "May I show off the new ice box, too, Miss Brady?"

While she was "showing off" her ice box, Thomas was preparing to boast of his own special department—the spice and sauce cupboard. "Mees Brady, she likes things hot," he confided. In that cupboard was every kind of spice that the spice putter-uppers had ever thought of. Peppers, garlic salt, onion salt, celery salt, thyme, marjoram, mace—dozens of them. On the shelf below were sauces.

Alice said, "I am very difficult to feed. I like very few things. My favorite food in all the world is rare roast beef—so rare that it almost moos at me. I like a baked potato with it. If I can't have that, I'll compromise for a thick steak which has been just barely introduced to the broiler. But I want sauces with these things. All the hot sauces! You take a good look at the shelf and if you can tell me about any sauces that you don't see there, I'll be grateful. Sometimes I think I'll just skip the beef and eat the sauce."

There was a sauce over which she really cooed. It's called "Lady's Choice," of all things! It consists of those tiny, virulent tabasco peppers, suspended in distilled vinegar. "Now there is a sauce that is *really* hot!" I believed her. I've met those peppers.

"I like fish, too," she went on. "With sauces. Smoked oysters. You mean you've never eaten smoked oysters? Well, you simply haven't lived! Really."

"What canned goods do you use?" I wanted to know, me being the domestic type who really goes in for canned goods. Alice said, "No canned goods at all, unless someone puts something over on me some times!" She eyed Thomas sternly and he hastily opened lots of cupboard doors to prove that there were no canned goods present. Thomas looked at her inquiringly and she conceded, "Oh, yes . . . those things! Tomato juice and the soups that turn into jelly. I like those."

"Come and see my play rooms!" cried Alice. I followed and the wistful voice of the cook followed us, saying, "Miss Brady, couldn't I show off the washing machine and mangle and the new vacuum cleaner?"

I couldn't hear any more because just then Alice opened the door of the servants' dining room and dogs flew out, greeting us. "The dogs and the servants sit in there most of the time listening to the radio," she said. "One reason I find dust on things, when I think to look."

The lights in the dining room wouldn't work, either, but she assured me that it was a lovely room when the crystal sidelights were working properly. "But I hate it," she added. "I hate all dining rooms. Mostly I eat in my bedroom, but when I don't I eat in here." She led the way to a small card room, gay with striped curtains and cushions and drapes. A terra cotta floor, corner fire place, small [*Continued on page* 62]



PICTURES ON THE FIRE

By S. R. Mook

"Beau Geste," with Ray Milland and Gary Cooper at center.



Robert Taylor and Myrna Loy in "Lucky Night."

IN DREAMS I seem to hear the clang of the starter's bell at Santa Anita and the voice of Joe Hernandez yelling, "There they go!" But a moment later I realize the clang I heard was only the alarm clock and instead of Mr. Hernandez, I'll be hearing some director—many directors, before the day is over—yelling, "Roll 'em," and he won't mean dice, either. Reluctantly I roll my hulk out of the hay and head for—

United Artists

MR. SAMUEL GOLDWYN is shooting the long talked of "Wuthering Heights" over here. I want to tell you, my reader, that this is one of the most dramatic, one of the most gripping scenarios I have ever read. I didn't see the play so I don't know how closely the film follows the original story but it doesn't matter. Here is the only story of its sort I have ever found that compares—or even surpasses the "Peter Ibbetson" of the silent films, when Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid showed how love may transcend even death.

Cecil Kelleway (father of Merle Oberon and Hugh Williams) picks up a dirty, unkempt, starveling ragamuffin on the streets of Liverpool and when he cannot find anyone to care for the boy he brings him home. Hugh hates him at sight. Merle's reactions at sight of him are mixed. But, with the care a mother lavishes on the runt of a pack, Mr. Kelleway pours care and affection on Olivier. Hugh's jealousy knows no bounds but Merle cannot classify her feelings towards the lad who is silent, at times ferocious, yet who provokes her.

Finally there is a fight between the two boys and Hugh knocks Olivier down with a rock. Then he beats and kicks his unconscious form. With Olivier's head pillowed in her lap. Merle hears him speak the words which doom her and her entire family: "I don't care how long I wait—if I can only pay him back. I hope he won't die before I do."

To take his mind off the macabre threats, Merle plays the coquette and leads him to their "castle," a cave some distance from the house where, in a child's game of prince and queen, they stumble on adult emotions. They love each other.

Then Kelleway dies and Williams relegates his foster-brother to a position as stable boy. His only solace is an occasional chance to see Cathy in clandestine meetings at their castle. One night they are drawn from a tryst at the castle by sounds of music at Thrushcross Grange. They go to the manor, to look on.

"It would be dreadful if Hindley (Hugh Williams) ever found out," Merle whispers.

"Found out what?" Larry snarls, as if in pain. "That you talk to me once in awhile—as if I were little better than a dog?"

"I shouldn't talk to you at all," Merle snaps him off. "Look at you! You get worse every day. Dirty and unkempt and in rags. Why aren't you a man? Why don't you run away?"

"Run away?" he echoes in stunned simplicity. "From you?"

Suddenly Merle is transported into an-

other world. "You could come back and take me away! Why aren't you my prince like we said long away—why can't you rescue me?"

And Larry, too, is swept away. "Cath!" he breathes, "come away with me! Now!"

"Where?" she queries.

"Anywhere," he hisses, on fire.

But she shakes her head. "And live in haystacks? And go barefoot in the snow? And steal our food from market places? No, Heathcliff, that's not what I want."

The sound of the music from the dance penetrates



Is film-making a business, a profession or an art? Mook mooches around to see.



Ann Sheridan and John Payne in "Roaring Road."

Mischa Auer, Bing Crosby and Little Sandy Henville in "East Side of Heaven."



A comedy thriller, "The Gracie Allen Murder Case." Gracie and Warren William.

the night.

Olivier doesn't hear it. "You just want to send me away," he rasps. "That won't do. I've stayed here and been beaten like a dog, abused and cursed and driven mad. But I *stayed*—just to be near you. And I'll stay till the end. I'll live and die under that rock (the castle)."

The music rises.

"Listen!" Merle whispers. "The Lintons are giving a party. *That's* what I want—dancing and singing in a pretty world. And I'm going to have it!" She starts towards the manor again and pulls him along. "Come on! When you see it *you'll* want it, too!"

They peer through a window at the lovely drawing room full of beaux and ladies, beautifully panoplied.

I wish you could see this set in reality. Real trees have been transplanted inside the stage. There are real flowers in the garden. The wall is only made of plaster but it looks centuries old. Inside the house, where the dance is being held, every prop is an authentic antique. Even the tapers in the candelabra flicker.

It's my job to report pictures impersonally and let you take them or leave them. Perhaps I'm stepping out of bounds but I'm warning you if you miss this picture you're missing one of the treats of the year.

Having said my say, we'll proceed to—

Universal

THIS studio is taking a new lease on life. Last month we had W. C. Fields. This month we have Bing Crosby in "East Side of Heaven," Deanna Durbin in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," "Spirit of Culver" with Jackie Cooper and Henry Hull, and "Risky Business" with George Murphy and Dorothea Kent.

This is the one picture a year Mr. C. makes outside his Paramount contract and he has practically all the say about cast, director, story and music. Well, one of his close friends, Herb Polesie, has written the book and another of his best friends, David Butler, is directing it. Also present is Miss Joan Blondell whom Bing has been seeking as a vis-a-vis lo these many years. It *should* be one of Bing's best.

Bing is the singing troubador of the Sunbeam Taxicab Company, Irene Hervey is an ex-showgirl, married to Robert Kent, dissipated son of C. Aubrey Smith. The first two are [*Continued on page* 76]

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Pictures That Have Reached The Jury

Peviews



"Let Freedom Ring," Nelson Eddy's new picture, with Edward Arnold, Virginia Bruce and (standing) Charles Butterworth. Another screen triumph for Nelson's personality as well as for his remarkable voice.

LET FREEDOM RING

IN WHICH NELSON EDDY "TOPS" EVERYTHING HE'S EVER DONE IN FILMS—*MGM*

WELL, folks, get a load of Nelson Eddy! That guy certainly comes into his own in this lusty film and shows that he can slug just as skillfully as he can sing. This is Nelson's standout performance since he entered pictures, and does he *stand out*. Just wait until you hear him sing "My Country Tis of Thee" —why you'll practically cheer your lungs out.

The picture itself is simply perfection in that it combines Americanism and patriotism with all the best ingredients of a successful Western, and is first and always a *moving* picture. Nelson plays a young hard-fighting Westerner who has been away at Harvard studying law for four years, and who returns to his native state just as Edward Arnold, playing a land grabbing financier from Wall Street, is stealing and plundering, all in the name of Progress.

The little town is full of "hunkies" who have come West with the railroad, and over them as "Boss" is Victor McLaglen, playing a thick-headed mick, and giving it the best performance of his career. It is the Americanization of these "hunkies" that sounds the keynote of the picture. Nelson, aided by Charlie Butterworth in the delightful character of "The Mackerel," steals a printing press and with his newspaper and his singing he fights millionaire Arnold and his corrup politicians, saves the farms and ranche of his neighbors, and makes Americar out of the "hunkies." The picture ha plenty of guts, plenty of punches, an plenty of good sound patriotism. Th cast is superb with Virginia Bruce as th heroine, Lionel Barrymore as Nelson father, H. B. Warner as a gallant gamble Guy Kibbee as a corrupt judge and Ra mond Walburn as a corrupt editor. Nelso sings, and magnificently, "The Dust Road," "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling, "Ten Thousand Cattle Straying," "Lov Serenade" and "My Country Tis Thee."

THE LITTLE PRINCESS

THE BEST FILM SHIRLEY TEMPLE EVE MADE—*20th Century-Fox*
A "Must" on Your List

If you have never been a Temple fa before you'll be a dyed-in-the-wool or after you see this. Under the excelle direction of Walter Lang, little Miss Tem ple forgets her baby cuteness, and act real honest-to-goodness acting, for th first time in her young life.

She is simply wonderful in every scen and when the part calls for her to g dramatic, Shirley rises to unexpected dr matic heights, and puts to shame man of the older and more experienced a tresses in this business, who can we afford to take lessons in drama from Th Little Princess. When Shirley cries yo

[*Continued on page* 58]

Peeresses of the British Realm

FOLLOW TODAY'S EXTRA SKIN CARE



Titled U. S. Visitor—The Lady Ursula Stewart, sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury, has seen much of the United States. "I always use Pond's to cleanse and soften my skin."



Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mayo. Deeply interested in acting, **The Lady Betty Bourke** has studied 4 terms at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She believes in the new skin care with "skin-vitamin" in Pond's.

Britain's Titled Ladies

CREAM

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INTO THEIR SKIN*



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Royalty Attended Her Wedding—The Lady Grenfell, snapped at Ascot. When skin lacks Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. "I use Pond's to help supply this 'skin-vitamin.'"



In Smart Society Journals, photographs of the charming **Lady Morris** often appear. "Pond's is famous for smoothing skin—adds **sparkle** and **glamour** to my make-up!"



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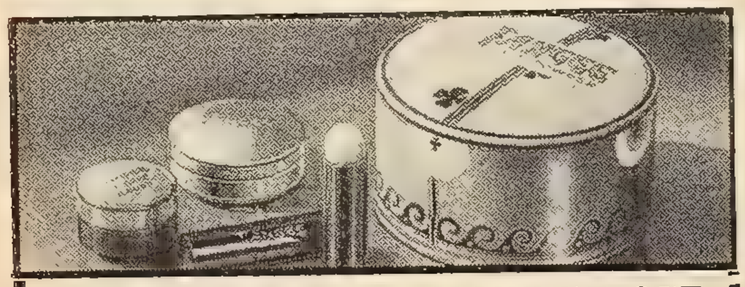
Then look in his eyes, and see the girl he's dreamed of mirrored there—young, sweet and adorably kissable! Hear him whisper, "Darling —I never knew you could look so lovely."

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cry—she's that good, no kidding. Just as Shirley is growing up, so are her pictures, and this one will appeal as much to adults as to children.

The story of Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Little Princess' is well known to all of us and the part of little Sara Crew fits Shirley to a T. The cast is nothing short of superb, with special raves going to Sybil Jason as Becky the little Cockney scullery maid—Sybil will doubtless grow up to be one of the best character actresses we've ever had on the screen.

Mary Nash is grand as the cold and calculating Miss Minchin, head of the school where Shirley is placed when her father, Ian Hunter, goes away to the Boer War. Anita Louise is lovely as one of the teachers in the school, and her romance with the handsome Richard Greene gives a nice love interest to the picture. Arthur Treacher, Cesar Romero, Marcia Mae Jones and Miles Mander stand out in excellent characterizations. The picture is done in Technicolor which adds much to the beauty and charm of the story.

FAST AND LOOSE

ANOTHER GOOD MYSTERY DONE IN THE THIN MAN MANNER—*MGM*

ROBERT MONTGOMERY turns detective, and proves that he is just as good at sleuthing as Mr. William Powell and Mr. Melvyn Douglas. Bob, like his brother detectives, is also married, and his inquisitive wife, Rosalind Russell, helps out with the fun.

Bob plays an insurance agent sleuth who specializes in the solution of the theft of rare books. While he and Rosalind are happily week-ending at the home of Ralph Morgan it is discovered that a supposedly priceless Shakespearean manuscript is a fake, and that whoever wants the real one doesn't mind committing a few murders to get it.

Like all mystery pictures everybody in the cast is suspected, even Bob and Rosalind, before the guilty person is



"You Can't Cheat An Honest Man" presents W. C. Fields in a role filled with roaring comedy.



Sybil Jason, Shirley Temple and Mary Nash in "The Little Princess," a picture that never will be forgotten.

found. Among the suspects are, Sidney Blackmer, Tom Collins, Joan Marsh, and Ian Wolfe. Reginald Owen is cast as a broker, Alan Dinehart as an adjustor, and pretty Jo Ann Sayers as Ralph Morgan's daughter. It's quite entertaining and will keep you guessing until the fade-out.

YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN

IF YOU APPRECIATE W. C. FIELDS' BRAND OF COMEDY SEE THIS—IF NOT, SKIP IT—*U*

W. C. FIELDS and Charlie MacCarthy continue their world-famous feud in this insanely mad picture which is hilariously entertaining, although it suffers from lack of story. W. C. Fields plays Larson E. Whipsnade, the owner of an itinerant circus which is always just one step ahead of the sheriff. One of his acts is the Disappearing Little Rajah who happens to be Charlie himself.

Charlie and Edgar Bergen, who haven't been paid for months, are plotting to leave the circus when one day Fields' daughter, the comely Constance Moore, visits her father—and it's love at first sight with Edgar, much to Charlie's disgust. When she discovers that her father is bankrupt, Constance decides to marry a rich social snob, whom she dislikes, to help her old man financially—but Edgar saves her in time.

The picture moves rapidly when Fields is on the screen and he rushes from one gag to another, some old, some new, all delightfully Fieldsien. His appearance at his daughter's society wedding is a high spot in comedy. Charlie and Edgar have some swell scenes together, one, particularly, when they get caught in a balloon, though it is Mortimer Snerd, a ventriloquial bumpkin, who shares Bergen's lap with Charlie, and who steals the scene from both of them.

In the end there is a general truce proclaimed between Fields and Charlie, though Charlie still finds it a little hard to forget the time that Fields threw him to the alligators. John Arledge plays Field's scheming young son, and Mary Forbes plays a society matron. Princess Baba and Eddie Anderson (Benny's

[*Continued on next page*]



Rosalind Russell and Robert Montgomery in "Fast and Loose."



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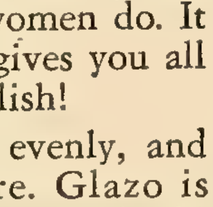
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"Rochester") are in for bits. It's good entertainment—though it could have been better.

LET US LIVE

ALL *ABOUT* THE UNDER-PRIVILEGED—*Col.*

THIS is grim melodrama at its most straight-forward and best. The picture takes a severe knock at police chiefs and district attorneys who are always passing the buck, and will get you all "het up" and ready to do something about this wholesale miscarriage of justice.

Henry Fonda plays a young taxi driver who is falsely accused of murder, is convicted and sentenced to the chair, but who is finally saved through the persistent efforts of his waitress sweetheart, Maureen O'Sullivan, and an objecting policeman, Ralph Bellamy, who track down the real criminal.

As an innocent person who is made to suffer because of stupid juries, district attorneys and policemen, Henry Fonda gives an excellent performance.

CAFE SOCIETY

A SATIRE ON FROTHY NIGHT CLUB ADDICTS—*Par.*

IF YOU read newspapers and magazines these days you know all about Cafe Society and Lucius Beebe and Elsa Maxwell and the El Morocco and Brenda Frazier, and personally we're awfully sick of the whole lot of them. Paramount, with tongue in cheek, decided to do a satire on them in this picture and if you aren't just too, too fed up with Cafe Society and Lucius Beebe and Elsa Maxwell and Brenda Frazier by now you'll probably get a big kick out of it.

Fred MacMurray plays a ships news reporter who falls in love with Madeleine Carroll, who plays New York's Number One Glamour Girl. To win a bet with a society columnist, Madeleine marries the reporter and quite callously prepares to divorce him right after the ceremony. But Fred gets wise to her trick and passes off the marriage as a publicity stunt which he arranged as a scoop for his editor—all of which burns Madeleine to a crisp.

Fred and Claude Gillingwater, the glamour girl's old-fashioned father who'll have none of this new fangled Cafe Society, get together and plot to make a decent woman out of Madeleine. In the cast are Shirley Ross as a gardenia girl in a night club (a bad part for the talented Shirley), Allyn Josslyn as a columnist, and Jessie Ralph as his sharp-tongued mother. Madeleine Carroll, one of the most glamorously beautiful blondes in Hollywood, makes the Brenda Fraziers look second rate.

KING OF THE TURF

ALL LOVERS OF HORSE-RACING WILL ENJOY THIS—*UA*

ADOLPHE MENJOU is perfectly elegant as a one time "king of the turf" who falls on evil days and takes to old demon drink. He is picked up out of the gutter by Roger Daniel, a spunky young kid who has run away from home to be a jockey, and who has been demoted to stable-boy because he won't ride winning horses second. Their love and admiration for thoroughbreds bring the two together, and together they rise to the top in the racing world.

Menjou is magnificent both as the down and out sot and the sartorially elegant king. Dolores Costello is warm and beautiful as the mother. Alan Dinehart, William Demarest and Harold Huber stand out in the supporting cast.

Perfume Is In The Air

[*Continued from page* 10]

a new one by Worth of Paris. Says its creator, "If you believe that Beauty is its own excuse for being, use gardenia." Gardenia is a frankly sophisticated perfume that lends itself as well to your tailored suit as to your grandest evening gown. There are two other lovely florals in the Worth collection, lilac, if you would be tender and wistful (this has great appeal for the masculine), and carnation if you would be brilliant yet piquant. Lilac, by the way, is one of Norma Shearer's favorites. It reminds her of Springtime at her girlhood home in Canada. These perfumes are for sale in the better department stores. You may buy them by the dram or in a beautiful flowered bottle.

Gladys Swarthout, whom I consider one of the best dressed women in Hollywood, likes truly sophisticated blends. Two perfections of this type are Surrender and Reflexions by Ciro. If you've ever looked at these magic bottles with longing eyes, yet reconsidered because you also wanted a new hat, then you'll be glad to know that they now come in smaller versions of the original bottles, not too, too up the grade. Both are lovely, and great favorites in Hollywood.

Miriam Hopkins likes fresh, breezy scents. They seem to go with her laughing eyes and golden hair. There's an old favorite of mine typically reminiscent of Spring—April Showers. Probably you've tried it, but if not, I think you'll find it fresh, young and stimulating, like the fragrance that rises from a flower garden after a shower. April Showers well deserves its name. There are bath accessories in this sweet fragrance, too.

Margot Grahame happens to like English lavender, being English by birth, while Bette Davis likes to change her perfume often, and, therefore, is an advocate of the small size or dram buying.

Honeysuckle is a perfume that is rapidly gaining popularity—romantic, soft summer nights it seems to breathe, and well in accord with present costume fashions. Houbigant makes a lovely honeysuckle, and so do Lucien Lelong and Corday.

How to use? By atomizer or dropper, preferably by atomizer. The atomizer diffuses a little perfume over a wide area, so that you get a sense of all-over fragrance. It is economical because it does not waste perfume either by over-use or by rapid evaporation as so often happens when a stopper is loosely replaced. Also, this use will not spot or stain clothing, as some perfumes will if applied in a drop to light fabrics. DeVilbiss makes a great variety of atomizers, in beautiful designs,

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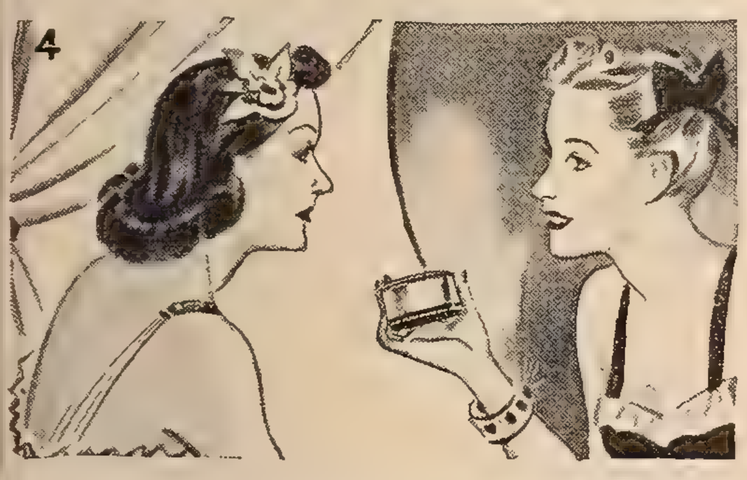
MARY: It's *wonderful* on *you*, Claire! But *your* eyes are *blue! Mine* are *brown!*

CLAIRE: Mary, whether your eyes are brown, blue, gray or hazel, the Marvelous people have just the shades for you! They tested girls and women of every age and coloring—

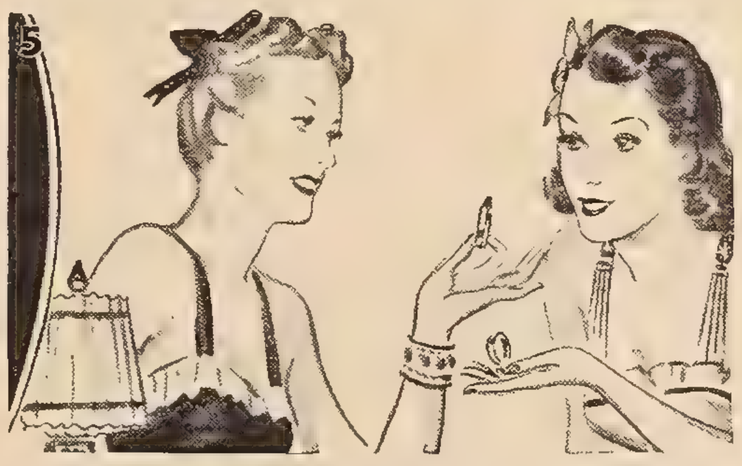


MARY: And they found *eye* color is the guide to proper cosmetic shades, Claire?

CLAIRE: Exactly! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes. *It's the color of your eyes!*



CLAIRE: And Mary, Marvelous Matched Makeup is everything you've ever dreamed of! You'll *adore* the powder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives your skin such a smooth, suede-like finish!



CLAIRE: And wait till you try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, Mary! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, natural glow! And Marvelous Lipstick is so creamy and protective . . . yet its color lasts and lasts!



MARY: Marvelous gives a thrilling new beauty *instantly!* You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too)—but for *perfect color harmony*, get them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!
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There are many other ways of achieving a personal fragrance, sachets, soaps, body powder, perfumed eau de Cologne and even your cosmetics, but nothing ever quite replaces in our affection a beautiful bottle of an exciting full strength perfume. It weaves its own spell and has no substitute!

A Peek Into Alice Brady's Lovely Home

[*Continued from page* 53]

bright-painted table and chairs, California pottery.

As we toiled up the curving, iron-railed staircase, she muttered, "You called it a *'little'* swimming pool! Wait until I show you my bath tub and then see what objective you use!"

She opened a door and more dogs barked and leapt. A lovely, bright room with about an acre of satin-covered bed (containing two dogs) with ashy rose and cream and pale green cushions and drapes. Alice's bedroom. The narrow Spanish balcony which skirted it outside the French doors had been the surprised recipient of a sort of New England picket fence atop its carved and painted balustrade. "The dogs can exercise out there," she explained. "Now, look at this bath tub!" She opened the door to the bath room.

I looked, obediently. She was right. It was NOT small. It was enormous and it was sunk in the floor and it had slippery, green-tiled steps leading to its slippery green-tiled interior.

"Takes a half hour to fill it with water," she complained, "and the only time I ever got into it I nearly drowned before I could make anyone hear my screams for help. I don't know how you're supposed to get out of the thing. The other bath tubs in the house are civilized. And what were you saying about the swimming pool?"

I thought up some adjectives like "Gargantuan" and even "colossal" and she seemed a trifle appeased. She showed me her dressing room.

"Stark, isn't it?" she said, comfortably. "It may surprise you to know that it takes me only eight or nine minutes to make up before I go to the studio and I use just whatever stuff the studio tells me to. When I come home I rely on soap and some of the better creams to get the goo off my face. So I haven't a lot of fancy little bottles and jars about. I haven't even one of those plate glass and chromium perfume cabinets that most Hollywood women have. I use only one scent and I won't tell anyone what it is. I keep it under lock and key and the label is scraped off the bottle. It's fun because it makes people curious.

"Want to see my new hat? I bought it this afternoon." She was tilting a black felt concoction over one eye. "I'm funny about hats. I don't really care whether they are becoming or not, if only they are smart. Maybe I'm a bit disorganized about clothes in general. I buy quite inexpensive dresses—mostly black—and I wear them sometimes for years. I think line is important and you can get good lines in inexpensive frocks if you'll stick to the simple ones. I buy all mine at a small shop in Beverly Hills and I don't think they charge more than twenty-five dollars for any garment. But they're good.

"I spend my money on hats and shoes and gloves and bags. But I make things last. Look at this bag. I bought it about seven years ago and I've had it renovated once. Of course I paid something like $110 for it. But it's good. I'll have it for years and years. It was made in New York for me.

"I get my shoes from New York, too. I'm not a bit fashionable about them. I wear opera pumps . . . regardless of all the fish-fush about sandals and 'open-toed' numbers and so on. I have buckles on my shoes right now although everyone tells me that 'no one is wearing buckles.' I like them. I think they flatter my feet. So I wear buckles."

Her opera pumps were indubitably bedecked with glistening buckles, and they certainly flattered a pair of small and shapely feet.

Vivien Leigh Breezes In

[*Continued from page* 27]

was glancing at one of the newspapers on her table. Then, she slowly picked one up and pointed to a column in the dramatic section.

"Why do people condemn me so soon?" she asked quietly, without any bitterness.

As I read the sarcastic comment from one of the better known Hollywood correspondents, I couldn't think of an answer. The thrust was just too petty for any answer.

I thought surely that Vivien would become very angry. But her next statement proved she was above the pettiness exhibited by the reporter who had lambasted her and the Selznick studio.

"I don't really blame the reporters for being annoyed," she began simply, "for I guess their reaction is only natural. Anyone would resent, I suppose, an English actress being chosen to play a typically American part. But I do wish they would give me a chance first, at least to let me prove what I can do. Then, if I fail, there will be time enough to say, 'I told you so.' "

"The ways of the American public and the Hollywood columnists are strange even to us here," I tried to explain. "The first lesson you'll have to learn is not to let anyone throw you."

"Don't worry, I won't. I'm just a little hurt by my reception. However, it'll make me fight harder than ever to win the American public. I want to make people glad I've been chosen. Apparently, a lady in Atlanta was glad, for she had heard about my knowing nothing of June bugs. This morning, to my delight, she sent me a box of June bugs. Such an expression from a person from the South is indeed gratifying. That one kind thought encouraged me greatly."

"What about your Southern dialect?" I asked. "I've been wondering about that since you're English. Aren't they rather hard to mix?"

"Not in the least," Vivien answered quickly. "They are really rather akin. To perfect my dialect, I'm living with a close friend of Margaret Mitchell's, and she is coaching me. And I'm always around Southerners every minute of the day. I'm trying very hard to master it."

I had talked to Leslie Howard a few days ago. Leslie, who plays Ashley Wilkes, was very enthusiastic over Vivien's tests. He told me that they were amazing, and that her command of the Southern dialect was, already, so fine that few could detect any noticeable flaws. As for her performance, it will run rings around everyone else, he then added.

So, whether Vivien knows it or not, the full hearted approval of Leslie Howard is shared by every other member of the cast.

Even Margaret Mitchell, the author, has no fears of Vivien's mastery of the Southern accent, for she said, in an unsolicited statement, that she feels it will be much easier to develop the necessary accent with an English actress than it would be with an American actress.

Vivien and I were talking about Miss Mitchell a few minutes later, and she was very excited about a letter of best wishes sent to her by the popular creator of "Gone With the Wind."

"Miss Mitchell's kind words will indeed help me in looking at my job more cheerfully," Vivien remarked. "And I am very glad to hear that so many people from the South approve of me as Scarlett. Of course, I realize that there are those who don't, but I know that no matter who was chosen, there would be some who would be disappointed. I'm just going to concentrate on playing Scarlett in such a way that I will please everyone in some respects."

We sat and talked about idle matters





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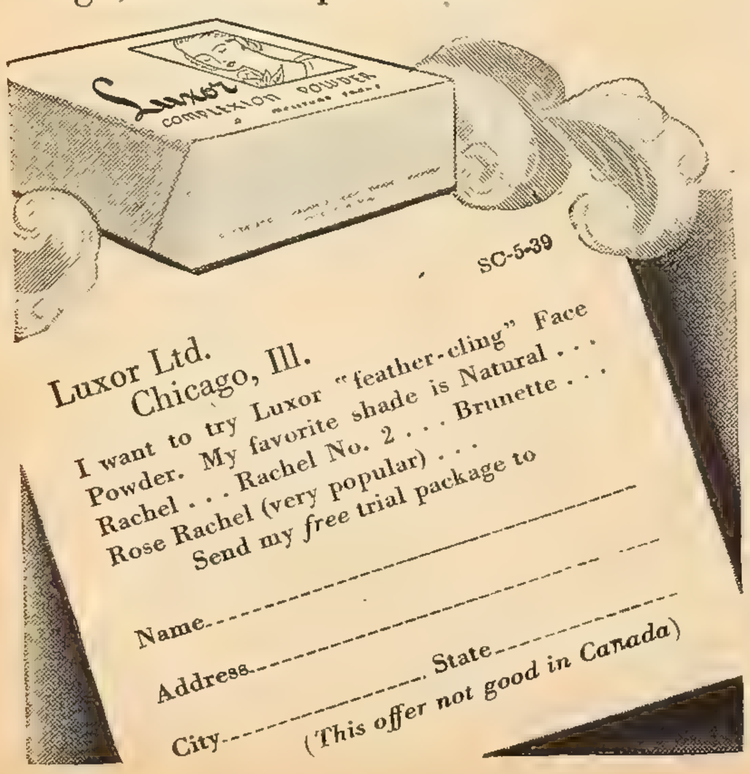
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for a while, and then, as anyone would expect, we got started on a discussion of Hollywood. When I asked Vivien if she had made any tours of the Hollywood high spots, she merely smiled at me.

"I haven't had any chance to go many places. I have attended a few small parties, but I've been so busy testing for Scarlett, getting wardrobe fittings, shooting scenes, and fulfilling other duties that I haven't had time to do anything but concentrate on the role."

"What do you think of Hollywood?" I asked.

"It's very different from England, but equally as exciting. Of course, I feel rather lost now, and I don't really know much about the *real* Hollywood. But since I'm going to be here more often, I'll get to know it all right. You see, since this is my first trip here, I'm not used to the sudden and unexpected things that happen. I'm a little awed by it all."

"Are you lonesome, then?" I asked.

"Yes, when I have time to think about my little daughter," she answered quietly. "I would love to have her here, but since she is well established in school in London, and since I wouldn't have much chance to see her if she were here, it's better that I leave her home and not disrupt her life. I'm looking forward to seeing her, though, very much—whenever that will be."

Vivien Leigh is definitely a colorful person. It's hard to believe she has a daughter, for she looks so young and dainty herself. Yet, she is the kind of person who takes every event quietly and as it comes. Her life, even with its interesting moments, has been filled with that same quiet kind of drama.

Selznick always insisted on giving Scarlett to a person who wasn't too well associated with other roles in the minds of the American public. However, since Vivien is already getting rather well known now to the American public, a peek into her life won't destroy any secrets.

She was born November 5, 1913, in the resort town of Darjeeling, India, and her ancestry, like Scarlett's, is French-Irish.

Vivien's early childhood was occupied with traveling from one city to another, the chief purpose being to acquire a well rounded education. When she was five, she entered the Sacred Heart Convent in London, and at last it looked as though she would stay in one place for a while.

Her first taste of drama, the birth of her vibrant ambition to be an actress, came, surprisingly, at the ripe old age of eight, when she played in a school production of "Midsummer Night's Dream." She probably only felt she wanted to be an actress, but she *knew* it when Maureen O'Sullivan, a schoolmate of hers at the time, asked her, after the performance, what she wanted to be when she grew up. Without hesitation, she replied, "An actress."

And so began her ambition. From that time on, she took all courses that would give her more training. Of all her formative experience, the most valuable was her year's study at Mlle. Manileve's school for young ladies in Paris, where Vivien was able to study dramatics under an actress of the Comedie Francais.

After further training, Vivien finally told her parents of her desire. To her happy surprise, they approved immediately and proceeded to enroll her as a student at the Academy of Dramatic Arts in London. Here she played many parts. And here she fell in love.

The young man was Leigh Holman, today one of England's most prominent barristers. She married him on December 20, just after her 19th birthday. Then, in 1934, she became the mother of a girl, whom she named Suzanne.

But the old urge to act came back to Vivien. After her home was in order, and Suzanne was well taken care of, she tried her talent in the field of professional acting. She succeeded in landing minor roles in two unimportant pictures, and through these acquired an agent.

The days and months passed, and still Vivien adhered to her ambition. And soon success came. After hit performances in two smash plays, "The Green Sash" and "The Mask of Virtue" in London, Vivien Leigh became an actress of renown in England, and her long, hard work seemed about to reward her.

Naturally, film offers came from major companies, but instead she took a vacation and later returned to play a role in a play by Clemence Dane, "The Happy Hypocrite," which was followed by a part in an open-air presentation, in London's Regents Park, of "Henry VIII."

Then, Vivien decided to try her hand at pictures. Her first important role in a film was as the lady-in-waiting in "Fire Over England." In quick succession came "Dark Journey," "Storm in a Teacup," "St. Martin's Lane," and "A Yank at Oxford," with Robert Taylor. And in between these commitments, she played in other stage shows.

You can see by this hurried account of her life, that she has lived a comparatively normal, settled existence, but one that has been propelled by a burning desire to be an actress. A life that has reached a brilliant new significance by the satisfaction of the greatest chance in her career.

I know Vivien won't fail as Scarlett, for if she inspires everyone who sees her performance as she inspired me when I talked to her, there's nothing that can stop her from being one of the most sensational figures in Hollywood history.

And it's for that reason that I give fair warning to some of the "annoyed public" and to some of the press. The warning is simply that these disgruntled souls had better not be too ready to criticize before they see, for they are apt to be so embarrassed when they see Vivien as Scarlett that they will feel like carbon copies of a small pebble.

How Not to Break Into Radio

[*Continued from page 33*]

Ross, Martha Raye, Ben Bernie, Portland Hoffa, and many others have told me they receive hundreds of well-written letters on good stationery from young men and women, many of whom are still in college, who offer to act as their secretary, personal maid or valet. For no pay. Their

sole hope is that such close contact will offer a stepping stone to a radio career. It goes without saying that such offers are refused.

Why it's getting so that the problem even re-echoes in employment agencies for domestic help. It seems that many radio-struck folks have the idea that the service entrance may well turn out to be the front door to the networks. So they try to get jobs as maids, cooks, butlers, or general houseworkers. They lie about their experience and references and are indifferent to salary. But they do make one stipulation. The job must be in the home of a radio star or executive. Ruby Keeler told me that, like many a mother of a youngster whose daddy is in radio, she has a rapid turnover in nursemaids because she found that nursy was neglecting Al, Jr., to show off her ability to Al Jolson, Sr.

Even Fred Allen had an anxious few moments recently, and while the program was on the air, too. Fred, you know, usually writes a sequence into his script in which a peddler or salesman breaks into his monologue for a comedy spot. Of course the actor who does this is a regular member of the cast and is well-rehearsed as to when to break in. But since that occurrence a few weeks ago, Fred had been a bit doubtful about continuing the practice. For it seems that an unemployed actor who had tried unsuccessfully to get on the program, managed to sneak into a rehearsal so that he knew when the break would come. At the broadcast, he actually tried to walk onstage to engage Fred in an unrehearsed routine, by way of impressing him. Luckily a production man saw this stranger heading for a mike and quickly turned a switch so that the mike was cut off the air. Otherwise, the audience that night would have had a real spur-of-the-moment battle of wits.

And Edward G. Robinson was a witness to the failure of a young lady's overzealous efforts to impress a certain director. "She certainly was a persistent gal," he recalled. "I was told that she used to waylay this director every place he went, asking for a job. On this particular day I was in the studio to watch the rehearsal of a program on which a friend of mine appeared. The director was busy arranging details for some twenty people when she walked up to him and in a loud voice demanded that he give her a part immediately, grabbed him by the arm—and fainted dead away.

"Very melodramatic, you must admit, and she attracted plenty of attention. Only not the right kind. For when a doctor arrived and said she was shamming, she calmly said that the scene, including the faint, was deliberately planned. For which she was banned from the studio forever.

"Why in my own case, I've had absolute strangers barge into our rehearsal and demand that I listen to them do the balcony scene from 'Romeo and Juliet.' And so many of them obviously haven't the slightest idea of what radio acting is. They think all they have to do is hold a piece of paper and read what's written on it. They've never heard of voice levels, timing, change of pace, and the technique of voice fading to slip into the next scene. To them radio really means an open sesame to riches, fame and romance—and nine times out of ten they've never seen a microphone!"

On the surface, according to these don'ts on how not to crash radio, getting in must be a pretty difficult proposition. Actually, it isn't as tough as it's held up to be, because new personalities are constantly taking their place in the hall of fame of ether celebrities. To get the lowdown on what it takes to break into radio today, I queried a number of executives whose job it is to pass on those who audition for a spot on a coast-to-coast hookup. They all agreed that those who made the grade did so because they had done two definite things. First, they developed something different to bring to the microphone; and secondly, they learned exactly how to get it there.

Honestly, those are the only two things you've got to know before you seek your radio career. But take it from one who has seen many a radio star rise and set—those two things take a heap of knowing.

Let's look at that first item: developing something different to bring to the microphone. That means you've got to analyze your talent. Don't say you can sing or act or lead a band like So-and-So. No radio station is in the market for second or tenth rate imitations of Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour or Benny Goodman. They want new personalities that are better than or capable of competing with entertainers already employed. And merely adequate work isn't good eonugh.



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DJER-KISS
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The performer who feels that his contribution is acceptable but not outstanding should be warned that the networks already have at their disposal hundreds of just such people whom they cannot use. If you want to give yourself a break, find out if what you have to offer is different from anything else on the air or superior to the best that is there now.

Now then, if your act is out of the ordinary, it has a very good chance of getting to first base. Here's why. If the truth must be told, most of the applicants seem to try the same old stuff. The level of mediocrity is monotonous. So much so that the folks who have to listen to it often get bored stiff. Thus, when something new and different comes into the audition room, it stands out like a sore thumb. They pick up their ears. It may be simply a voice into which the singer has put a new twist, something completely novel in the way of an act, or a new setup of a band in which certain instruments are emphasized over the others. Whatever it is, if it is different, it will win attention and interest. You can bet on that.

Now then, say you've worked out a routine for yourself that you are sincerely convinced is sprinkled with star dust. What next? Well, the best thing for you not to do is to hurry to a large network. Try a small local station first. And don't be in a hurry to leave it for there you can gain practical experience in microphone technique and poise. If your artistry becomes outstanding you may be sure it will come to the attention of the networks. But if you try the networks first—and then fail—you leave a record which will make subsequent attempts to break through doubly hard.

When it comes to taking an audition, the procedure is the same on a small local station as on the network. Anyone, obviously not a crackpot, can get one. Sometime the audition time is booked up as much as several months in advance, in which case you simply have to be patient and await your turn. Just remember when you are starting in to see people that it's best to make an appointment first. The waiting may be tiresome but when you are called, you are assured that you'll be listened to with more sympathy than if you'd interrupted an executive whose mind was on something else.

In requesting the audition, state clearly the type of work you do and just what your experience has been. Of course audition requests in which the writer states: "My sweetheart loves my voice over the telephone" or "I'm not really interested in broadcasting but would like a criticism of my voice" are carefully sidetracked.

When you are called, you are shown into a bare room in which there is just a mike. The judges are seated several rooms away where your mike is piped in so that then can hear how you would sound if you were actually broadcasting. If you fail, you are out and that ends it as far as radio is concerned, although they are usually kind enough to suggest whether you might be suited for appearances at women's clubs, night clubs, or theatre personal appearances. And when a pretty girl or a tall, handsome young man is involved, they try to have a motion picture representative around looking for possibilities in that direction.

Let's say, however, that you are notified that you passed. Does that mean that you are immediately put on the payroll? Emphatically not. It merely means that you are entered in their files, under the classification of your work, as available. I've known a dramatic actress to wait as long as nine months for a job after a successful network audition. On the other hand, a male trio was rushed out of the audition room to a contract for a spot on a commercial program going out over a small station. It's all according to the luck you were born with.

But however your luck may be, the era of getting into radio via the stunt route—as in the movies—is pretty passé. But I suppose my word won't deter the thousands who are ready to discount the disillusionment awaiting them, to gamble on their chances for sudden fame by doing something spectacular. However, we who are in the know, know that their chances for good fortune are as small as their hopes are high. For the serious performer doesn't begrudge the time spent on preparing himself for his big chance. As for the rest—those who are more in love with the *idea* of being a radio star than with the hard work involved—they'll find that they'll only get great big gobs of air on the outside, instead of getting on the air inside a broadcasting studio, if they ignore these warnings on how not to crash radio.

When A Star Clicks—Then What Happens?

[*Continued from page* 31]

tric blue sports dress. The skirt was pleated, circular fashion. The over blouse was hip-length and a trifle lighter in hue than the skirt. It had short puffed sleeves, wide shoulders and was fastened with three self-material frogs in front. Nothing glamorous about that dress, yet Joan stood out, there in the studio commissary crowded with Hollywood's beauties."

I had luncheon with Hedy Lamarr the day of the "Algiers" preview. She was as nervous as the proverbial cat. She talked about a new fur wrap that she was going to wear that night. Yet, at the theatre she appeared in a very simple black dinner suit. She felt more at ease that way. She carried black accessories and silver fox furs. Her hat was the one "different" note. It was large and of black felt with a veil draped around its crown and flowing down her back. The trickiness of it was the sharp turn-up on the right side. That's Hedy's idea of *chic* . . . tricky hats.

Arleen Whalen bought her first formal evening dress with her first check.

Loretta Young always wanted to take good care of her family. She said that she did not feel that she had really arrived until she had purchased that beautiful Colonial home she now owns. Her first check was only $80. This she took to her Mother with instructions to buy whatever she needed in the line of pretty things. This made Loretta feel grown up and self-reliant. "The glamour came later," she told me, "when I got my first mink coat. I felt really gorgeous then,

for the first time in my entire life."

Dorothy Lamour literally grabbed her first check and rushed down to the best shop on Hollywood Boulevard, where she spent it all on dresses for herself and her mother. The next check went for a fur coat. Each succeeding check was spent on clothes until Dorothy was satisfied that she felt like a star. Now she saves her money.

When Paramount told Olympe Bradna that she was a star, her first remark was: "Now I can have my own automobile! The next morning she drove up to the studio gates in a shiny new Ford. When friends admired the car she would say, "See, I am now a star! Truly though, there isn't anything glamorous about a Ford, is there?"

As for the lovely youngster who is standing—but not with reluctant feet—at the very brink of fame, her idea of the very ultimate in glamour might run something like this . . .

. . . The sneak preview went off beautifully and tonight I shall know how the public feels about me. The public. . . . *My* public, perhaps. Then tomorrow they will take up my option. Soon, very soon I shall be *in*. I will be one of them. I shall lunch at the Derby, the Vendome and Victor Hugo's. I shall be asked to say a few words over the radio at previews. The fan magazines will interview me . . . people will be asking for my autograph . . . and back home in Independence everybody will be talking about me, they'll be so proud.

It is only after she is definitely *in* that she will begin to think of diamond bracelets and ermine coats. She'll don them and instantly feel beautiful, lovable, kissable and utterly desirable . . the ultimate in glamour surpassed even beyond her wildest dreams!

On What Does Masculine Charm Depend?

[*Continued from page 23*]

Virginia goes the $10.00 prize for answering the Taylor question as conclusively as it can be answered—by me, at any rate. I can't do any better than that.

So what of Tyrone Power? What of the boy with the handsomest face in seven states, the most romantic eyes, the sweetest smile, the whitest teeth, the glossiest hair, the most charming manners? Aw, let's just say that Ty's face hoisted him, six rungs at a time, up the shaky ladder of screen stardom. Let's bop down the busybody who reminds us that Ty's face, like Bob's, might have been his greatest handicap. Meaning, then, that good looks, gender masculine, is a liability, not an asset? Perverse jade, Hollywood favor, but I'm afraid so. I'm afraid that Bob and Ty supply the answer to one part of our question, On What Does Masculine Charm Depend? The answer being, "Well, NOT good looks, at any rate. Not good looks, *alone*." It's in line here to remember that, when Darryl Zanuck cast Ty for a small part in his first picture, the director of that picture reported to the Little Chief, "the boy has

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nothing, *plus.*" And all the time, Ty was wearing the same face. So what is it that makes Ty what he is today, a star of stars?

Ty can't out-chest George O'Brien (or my Young Man), he can't out-vigor Gable; can't out-rope Autry; can't out-act the Barrymores, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy, John Garfield; can't out-I'll-sock-you-in-the-puss Cagney . . . ah, but what Ty can do is out-charm them. From Mesdemoiselles Henie, Gaynor, Annabella, Shearer and others I have gleaned the following precious ointment of information and enlightenment about Ty:

Ty has the precious quality of making women *feel feminine.* Ty has the fine rare ability of making women aware, for the first time in weeks, mayhap, that they are lovable, desirable, exciting; that they are just as capable as—oh, well, as Lamarr—of arousing in their Toms and Dicks and Harrys, in Ty himself, the tenderest of the tender passions. Ty offers you the tender passion infused with strength. Ty suggests that he'd think nothing of tossing off a Suez Canal, a brace of cold-steel train robberies, a kingdom or a revolution for love of you . . . and you . . . and you . . .he is the Adventurer in the body of a poet, a devastating ensemble, my pretties. At one and the same time, Ty contrives to make men feel pretty proud of their own sex, pretty satisfied with themselves. *This,* they give forth, watching Ty, is what we boys are really like . . . !

Now, then, I've taken you as far along the Ty-trail as I can go. His good looks are, or were, more of a handicap to him than a help; he hasn't half the physique of a Flynn; I still refuse to haul down my flag and call it "personality"—you add it up and tell us what you get.

For no very logical reason, Cary Grant next comes to mind. Perhaps because he's a brunette, too, black hair, like Ty's, brown eyes, bronzed skin. I also submit to you that Cary has a cleft in his chin like unto the Grand Canyon of the Colorados. Maybe this has nothing to do with the heartthrobbiness of Cary. Perhaps my mind is weakening from dwelling overmuch on all this virility and umph. Well, I kinda think I've got the pat answer to

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WHEN at last the SILVER SCREEN Gold Medal reached Hollywood, Nancy Kelly graciously consented to represent the readers and present to Spencer Tracy the proof that, in the hearts of fans throughout the land, there is a warm spot for him and a true appreciation of his art. Spencer seems pleased and that's evidently what the fans wanted.



Small reproduction of the medal.

the Grant question. I think it lies right in that scene in "Gunga Din" where, foolhardy and show-offy, alone and single-handed he bursts into a temple of Hindu worship where are gathered several hundreds of cow-worshippers, their strangling cords and hatchets in their hands . . .

"You," proclaims Cary, quite insanely, "are under arrest!" Yes, this scene does it. This scene epitomizes Cary's Grade-A brand of brash charm. Done by anyone else, this scene might well have got a laugh. Done by anyone else, the script-writer would have been suspected of the weed called marijuana. Done by Cary, the spinal column got its annual thrill and the heart whispered, "the-blasted-fool-*men-should-be-like-this!*"

And then there was Cary as the gay, worthless Cockney pick-pocket in "Sylvia Scarlett" . . . remember how Cary ran home with that picture? Remember how he proved to a not-very-breathless world that here was a guy without benefit of glamour who could still make 'em sit up?

And then there was Cary the first time I ever saw him. No scene out of a script this time. It was on the beach at Santa Monica. The waves were rolling in viciously. The public had been forbidden the freedom of the seas. Suddenly, out of this hell-pot of Neptune's seething broth, a figure rose up and came toward us. Lifeguards sprang to action. People shouted. "He must have gone swimming up the beach and been carried down this way . . .!" Shaking himself like a mastiff, undaunted by the battle he must have waged with that tremendous sea, up the beach strode Grant. I didn't know who he was. I'd never seen him before. He didn't look very pretty. His matted hair hung over his eyes. His nose and mouth bubbled sea water. But no-one had to be told that here was Somebody. There it was, the somebodiness of him, in his jaunty walk out of that green death. There it was in the somehow appealingly self-conscious smile of him, the devil-may-care and I've-got-Life-by-the-throat air of him. Well, anyway, there it was. And there it is. And does it matter what you label it? Not to me.

Errol Flynn smacks of the same tang of temerity. Errol, unheralded by press photos of him steering his "Sirocco" through alien waters, posing as he dove for pearls, as he slung the discus, as a boxer or gentleman adventurer would still bring to the screen or to life that thing of reckless living which is intrinsically his. Reckless living has it where Flynn is concerned, I think. Reckless Living has a deal to do with masculine charm. One might put the question: On What Does Masculine Charm Depend? Good looks? Physique? Personality? Reckless living?—and the tag line would solve the problem.

I've seen Flynn with other men, watched him working at the studio, come upon him in someone's pretty drawing room at a party and have felt him as one definitely set apart from his fellows, his fellows of every stripe. It's not only the thing you *see* in Flynn, it's something you *know!* After all, you can't see a fever, you can't see the terrific tug of the tides. Flynn is a Force. Flynn is the rebellious Irish, the undaunted spirit of Fin Mac Coul in modern day society. And for all his great height and handsomeness I have the feeling that Flynn would be the exception; that Flynn would be Flynn in whatever skeleton the Lord chose to dress him.

It was a man, of all things, who recently said to me, "Boyer is the most attractive man on the screen, to my way of thinking. I can see very well the appeal he has for women. As Flynn and Gable and Grant are tempestuous, rollicking, Boyer is slow, a sultry flame which *doesn't go out.* He conceals behind the flesh of his face the age-old secrets of his race. One respects those secrets. There is a tradition about him, a kind of majesty. Yet it is not all racial color and grace, this thing of Boyer's. He is a *deliberate* personality. There is in him none of the incertitude, the weakness which is so often the mark of the 'Ladies' Man.' That is his appeal to men.

"Looking at him, watching him move and speak, on the screen, in life, one knows that one is observing a man for whom Life is a pie to be cut into exact, geometric shapes, each in it own time. Most men are wanting this. Certainly most of the men over whom women sigh give no such sense of security to their reliant little women, no comfortable feeling of 'whatever comes next, papa is up to it!' For if men do give women this feeling of certitude and safety," sighed my friend, "they have not been given Boyer's eyes . . . they look," he sighed again, "like *me.*"

And how do you folks who are sitting there, tongue in cheek, still feeling the



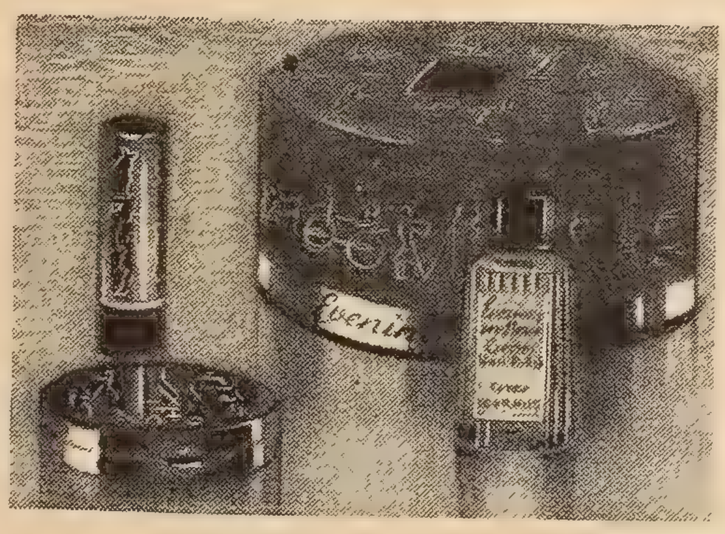
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Greek God to be the answer to that aged Maiden's Prayer, how do you account for Cagney, Garfield, Robinson, even the young and personable Ameche? Before he came to the screen, Don held millions enthralled on the radio, unaided by television, unmagnified by Hollywood publicity, relying solely on his voice. When he came to the screen and his public saw, not the face of a dime-novel hero, not a Taylor nor yet a Power, but an attractive, friendly, likable guy, did they desert the shrine? You bet they didn't. Not for a minute. They stormed it. They paid tribute and their taxes to the voice and personality which are his special inheritance from the saints. To that quantity, not unknown but, s'help me, doggone unnamable, NOT a simple "common denominator" in my arithmetic book.

And what of Cagney? Can't say *his* charm depends on looks. Or even on physique, judging the physique in terms of Gable, Taylor, Flynn . . . yet if you ask three women to name you the man with the most sex-appeal in all Hollywood, two out of the three will answer, unblushingly, "Jimmy Cagney."

And Garfield is no Power, heaven knows. Yet the way the girls go on over Garfield . . . their mothers should be told. And the fan mail of Eddie G. Robinson should make any lady blush. And then there are the big biggies like Weissmuller and Buster Crabbe and they do all right but the wimmin don't take on over them as over Cagney. And there are such Specimens as the previously mentioned Nils Asther and Barry Norton and where are they? And there is my Young Man of the theatre lobby, as goodly a sight as ever met the eyes, and he was forced to ask: "What has Gable got that I haven't got?" And I couldn't answer that one. And I CAN'T answer this one. Which brings me right back to where I started from. Serves me right for monkeying around with matters ladies should leave alone. Oh, well, let's call it "Personality!" What do I care? Even Napoleon met his Waterloo !

Making A Photo Finish of a Thoroughbred

[*Continued from page* 29]

tion to await her blessed event. The company cleared all shots necessary and even shot extra background material for about three days. Finally at ten o'clock one morning the colt, named, fitly enough, Cantankerous, arrived and the long-awaited scene was shot.

On the first day of shooting at the ranch, Shep, a dog who thinks he is a collie, literally crashed his way into the movies.

For one scene, George Raft and Hugh Herbert were supposed to drive into the ranch yard in a car and step out. And as soon as their feet hit the dust, Shep bounded right in front of the camera and swarmed all over them in the genial manner with which he is accustomed to welcome all visitors to the Lighton ranch.

It was so good that Director Hall decided to use the take—provided Shep would repeat for a close-up. Shep did. And that night Hall dispatched a telegram to Lighton.

"Using your dog Shep in the picture. Will talk salary with you when I return. Now the least you can do is send somebody down here to keep the rest of your stock, particularly your horses, from mugging the camera. Trainer tells me your mare, Amelia May, once ran a photo finish and never got over it. Hall."

By rights a small California town should be all agog when a movie company intrudes upon it's peaceful scene. Yet when George Raft, Ellen Drew and Hugh Herbert entered the hotel dining room in Carlsbad the evening we were there, the two aged guests sitting in the alcove out of the draft went right on sprinkling saccharine on their berries.

The conversation at the dinner table turned to George's knack of being recently cast in pictures where he is in danger of losing scenes to smart animals such as happened to him in "Spawn of the North." Remember all those scenes he lost to Slicker, the seal, in that one?"

Well Mickey, the horse who plays Roman Son, and Slicker, the seal, use the same technique.

"The Lady's From Kentucky" is a story of the race track. Miss Drew has the title role. Mickey plays her horse, Roman Son. And Raft portrays a hard-boiled but devil-may-care gambler who turns up and proves that in a poker game with the girl's late father he came into half ownership of the horse before it was born. The girl dislikes the fellow intensely. But the horse takes an unaccountable liking to him at once—and that's where the equine scene-stealing comes in.

When the others are around, Mickey must show himself part outlaw by kicking up his heels, lunging, rearing, and generally behaving very badly, but when Rafe shows up he has to go soft, register affection, nuzzle him and neigh contentedly. In fact, according to the script, the horse has to run the gamut of emotions. He has to be an equine Charles Laughton. Mickey's owner assured Al Hall that his horse was just that. Nobody is doubtful, however, any more. Mickey nuzzled Raft and whinnied at him so convincingly that a less seasoned actor would have blushed, a less generous one would have burned up. It is, no doubt, a tribute to Raft that he did neither.

"That horse," George observed as a few of the cast and troupe sat around the dinner table, "is going to steal the show. What an actor!"

"And aren't you sore?" asked Al Hall.

"Sore?" repeated Raft. "Of course I'm not sore. I'm glad. I've got a theory about animal scene-stealers. I don't believe they ever really hurt an actor—they make the audience like him. And let me tell you something, it's the guys who want to carry pictures all by themselves that lose out quickest in this business."

Johnny Weissmuller, many times a champion swimmer, came to grief in four inches of water. He slipped in his bathtub, cracking his elbow. Life is like that.

The Sun Never Sets on David Niven

[*Continued from page* 51]

slow. Merit counts for little. Pull counts for less. You wait until someone dies or retires. I'd have been ten years getting to be what is the equivalent of a first lieutenant in your service.

"All of a sudden I got fed up. So I took the bull by the horns. John Bull, you know. I resigned my commission and applied for two months leave while my resignation was being considered. Then I left for Canada. It all happened with a devastating suddenness. It had to be that way. It was like a favorite tooth that had decayed. When it became necessary to part company I thought the separation should be effected in just such a manner. Roots and all.

"So off I trotted to Canada. I worked as a lumberjack, fished for a living and finally had my tonsils cut out by a veterinarian. A slight excursion into journalism led me to New York. I had been raised on the fat of the land. I could no longer afford the fat but that made no never-mind with me. I felt some comfort was due me. So I moved into the Waldorf-Astoria. Nine days later I couldn't afford to move out.

"Through my family and my army connections I knew people all over the world. For some reason they seem to like my particular brand of nonsense.

"My practicality used to take strange turns. There was I, living in one of the best hotels in the world and with not a dime to bless myself with. That didn't bother me but the thought of paying hotel rates for laundry bothered me plenty. So I bundled up my soiled clothes and took them to a Chinese laundry. Naturally I had no money to get them out with. One of my wealthy friends invited me to dinner. I told him I couldn't come because my laundry was in hock and they wouldn't let me have it unless I either paid for it or delivered enough bundles to work it out. My friend lent me his Rolls-Royce and liveried chauffeur for an afternoon and I delivered laundry in style.

"Recovery was just around the corner. Prohibition was repealed and another friend got me a connection as New York representative for a well known firm of London wine merchants." He paused and his eyes took on a faraway look. "It was all too good to be true. In Europe there are professional wine tasters. They take a mouthful of wine and spit it out. You get the taste just the same without the effects. But in this country if you spit out wine your customers think it's no good." He smiled ruefully. "By eleven o'clock every morning I had to be put to bed. I remember a picture Barthelmess made once where he was saved from the chair by the testimony of an old lady who said he was in her house before twelve o'clock. It seems that years before her boy-friend had been kicked out at 12:00 and she had stopped all the clocks so it was always 12:00 in her house. It was always 11:00 in my life.

"The end came with disconcerting suddenness. I was sitting in my office one day—before 11:00—when a well known restaurateur called and ordered fifty cases of expensive wine, C.O.D. I sent the wine over and an attendant came out with the check. The wine was unloaded on the pavement. Next morning I discovered that not only was the check N.G., the restaurant had never ordered the wine. A bootlegger had ordered it, it was his man who had given my driver the check and as soon as the wine was unloaded the bootlegger's truck picked it up and drove off with it.

"Of course I lost my job and had to make good out of my own pocket. I drifted down to Atlantic City and another chap and I promoted some indoor horse racing on a quarter mile track. The race lasted fifteen minutes, each jockey rode fifteen different horses and the bets were laid on the jockeys.

"We thought we had a gold mine but some gangsters moved in and everybody wanted a 'cut.' I took a powder, as you Americans so quaintly put it. When the powder wore off I was in Cuba. Somehow I found myself involved in machine guns and revolutions. I was making money but one day the British consul intimated it would be better for all concerned if Cuba and I parted company—as soon as possible. 'As soon as possible' was on a Japanese tramp steamer bound for England but there was a muddle and I boarded a Chinese vessel bound for San Francisco."

Once again Mr. Niven paused in his narrative, then his eyes took on an unholy light. "The sun never sets on English possessions," he proudly declaimed.



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The Lady Patricia French

daughter of the Earl of Ypres, is keen about sports. Her home is in Surrey, where she spends much time playing tennis.

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"I read that in school," I demurred.

"Your American schools are more thorough than I surmised," he conceded generously. "Well, the sun never sets on British officers, either. In San Francisco I found an old friend from my army days. He took me to Santa Barbara for the week-end. During my visit I was supposed to make up my mind what I wanted to do next.

"The H. M. S. Norfolk was in port and I went aboard to renew acquaintance with some of the ship's officers whom I had met several years before at Malta. First to greet me as I came aboard was the Hon. Anthony Pleydell-Bouverie."

"What a name!" I ejaculated involuntarily. "Why do so many English people have hyphenated names?"

"It's quite simple," said Mr. Niven blandly. "They start out with a first name and a surname. Then someone dies and leaves them a pack of money with the proviso that the benefactor's name is to be perpetuated. Say the legatee's name is Smith and the benefactor's Jones. Immediately Henry Smith becomes Henry Smith-Jones. Then another member of the family dies and leaves a will with a similar proviso. He becomes Henry Smith-Jones-Brown. It can go on indefinitely," he informed me. "Once I knew a man with *three* hyphens. Smith-Jones-Smyth-Jones.

"But we're digressing. The H. M. S. Norfolk was sailing shortly and the Hon. Pleydell-Bouverie gave me a farewell party. When I woke up I was in Los Angeles harbor alongside the H. M. S. Bounty which M-G-M had built for 'Mutiny on the Bounty'. They put me aboard the *Bounty*, Mr. Frank Lloyd (who directed the picture) put me aboard a shorebound tender and a studio car picked me up. I had no destination in Los Angeles so the car took me to the studio. I was still in my evening clothes. I daresay I am the only man who ever crashed a studio aboard a British battleship.

"The only people I knew in Hollywood were Bob Montgomery and Loretta Young. When I found myself in the studio I asked for Bob. Then I asked for Loretta."

"There's certainly nothing small-time about you," I muttered. "I've been asking for Loretta for years and I'm still standing at the plate popping flies."

"I visited Miss Young and her mother for quite some time," our Mr. Niven resumed, paying no attention to my interjection. "One night at a dinner to which Miss Young took me, I was recounting a few inconsequential experiences and Mr. Goldwyn suggested I make a film test to take home as a memento of my Hollywood visit. I made the test and," triumphantly, "here we are!"

"Here *you* are," I interrupted gloomily. "I've been in Hollywood ten years and who cares?"

"A lot of people," David responded. "You gave me a bird once. You gave other people birds. *We* care."

"I'll bet," I replied, "but not in a way I like. However—get on with your yarn."

"That's about all. I made the test and got a seven year contract. I played small parts for awhile and then I had a good role in 'Splendor'. Then 'Palm Springs', 'Thank You, Jeeves', 'The Charge of the Light Brigade', 'Dodsworth', 'Beloved Enemy', 'Three Blind Mice', 'Dawn Patrol' and now 'Wuthering Heights'.

"They say 'Love Conquers All' but so do other things. I can afford an apartment now and a 'man'. He's a combination valet, chauffeur, butler, cook and houseboy. He's a Filipino and I've made him read all P. G. Wodehouse's stories of *Jeeves*. I call him Jeeves and he fairly outdoes himself." He paused and then, in a burst of benignity added, "You must come up and meet him sometime."

The foregoing gives you a fairly accurate account of David Niven's background. But no written word—no pen portrait could possibly do justice to the effervescence of his disposition, the ebullience of his spirits or the spontaneity of his humor. You have to see him and know him for that. His *Scott* in "Dawn Patrol" is really Niven.

The fan response to his last two appearances has been so terrific Mr. Goldwyn, the one producer who sees all, feels all, tells all and gives all, has elevated him to stardom. His first solo vehicle will be a re-make of one of Ronald Colman's finest pictures—"Raffles." Don't miss it—and keep your eyes on Niven.



Cecil John Arthur Howard and his bride, Mrs. Cecil John Arthur Frances Drake Howard. He is the son of the Countess of Suffolk and a very happy man.

Acme

Love Is First With Me

[*Continued from page* 34]

humor. And, most of all, he was young. "A movie actress simply doesn't meet young, sincere, unspoiled men," she'd wailed. "How long has radio been going on?" she started to ask Clark, but caught herself in time.

Still, it wasn't love at first sight. Claire had been rushed before she got into the motion picture world, and she had resolved not to be sentimental until she'd climbed pretty far. She didn't realize that she'd been somewhat spoiled herself, though. She'd been accustomed to the company of gay yet earnest young men. She'd been invited to almost every prom of importance, from Harvard to Annapolis, including way universities. She'd hailed from a good family herself, and when she began to act—she had several seasons of stage training before Hollywood grabbed her—she had no idea that she'd climb up in a city where, strangely, the eligible men are desperately few and far between. She never fell for any of her leading men—naturalness is ingrained in Claire and they seemed too adept at turning their charm off and on.

Those chums she'd left behind in New York when she'd zoomed in California had eventually married. Meanwhile, Claire devoted her efforts to acting alone. The thought of happy country-club parties plagued her every time she had to work Saturday nights. Movie studios glamorize you, and pay you more money than you can ever make anywhere else, but their shooting plans frequently go haywire and you are liable to still be before the cameras when others are out enjoying carefree fun. Sometimes Claire wondered why on earth she had ever been so headstrong as to insist on carving for herself a niche in Hollywood. Because she *had* been headstrong about it.

"I never ask for advice," she confessed to me in her pre-Clark era. "Even when big men suggested I should behave so-and-thus, I took their opinions with a lot of salt. In all my crucial moments I've totally disregarded what was proposed to me as the proper move!"

As a senior in high school she was supposed to be headed for Vassar, but you'd never have guessed it. She was alert about her dates, and she managed to go places with the college boys whom the other girls wanted to intrigue. When she received the dismaying news that she'd have to take a stuffy post-graduate course to balance her flop in geometry Claire made her first major stand. I'll bet Custer couldn't have been more magnificent in his last one! She could see plenty of sense in developing a fine figure, but she had no sympathy whatsoever with triangles as dead as Caesar and his Gauls. It was when she was stating, "All right then!" to her dad's ultimatum that neither he nor the principal could get her into a select girls' college unless she took that post-graduate course that she made her one impolite comment in a crisis. "Furthermore, I wish I hadn't wasted my time on Latin. What to do with some of these boys' gaul would have been much more useful information!"

She had no suspicion then that she was destined to adore the absolutely simple life, as she does since she's become Mrs. C. A. Recently they spent three weeks in New York City, going East to broadcast from there. They made the rounds of the popular night clubs, hurried to all the outstanding plays. Once Claire fancied she had to step out every evening; that was her cocktail hour chapter. But she and Clark didn't so much as taste one drink and they beam now that they are back in the nice, small cottage they rent in West Los Angeles. Claire gave her star mansion to her parents and she lives on her husband's salary.

There is none of her erstwhile home formality in the new place. No elaborate entrance hall, no drawing room, no lavish boudoir. Today she is ecstatic in a house similar to many an ambitious young couple's home, except that Claire does have superior taste. A parrot, in a grand cage which the Andrews emphatically admire, is the *piece de risistance* of the bay window opposite the fireplace.

Clark determinedly fusses with his goldfish pool in the small rear garden, where a placid sun-dial is indicative of Claire's new serenity. She doesn't miss an upstairs sitting-room, and the fastest way to make her grin is to beg to see her cherished wedding pictures. She is the only actress I know who preferred to be married with genuine dignity. The Epis-





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copal Church in Beverly Hills was her choice, and the bishop himself married her.

"I was advised a formal wedding would be too much grief. Well," she sighs contentedly, "I loved every mad, delirious hour I spent trying to finish a film and get myself and my bridesmaids ready last July. I was in such a whirl I never did see what the church looked like after it was decorated. Mother assures me all the pews were candlelit, as I'd hoped, and that the candles were entwined with gardenias, as I'd wanted them to be. I know I said my 'I do' in too loud a voice, but I don't care! I was so excited I couldn't help it, and I'm glad everyone heard me. I'm glad I said no to those who suggested an elopement. Now I'll always have the memory of a beautiful wedding to look back on. And of course I treasure our wedding photographs infinitely more than any portrait I've ever had made by a studio photographer!

"Yes," vowed Claire, casting a fond eye on her parrot complacently swinging in his cage, "everything marvelous in my life has fallen into my lap. No, I'm not talking about Clark!" She blushed. "I mean, I'm not referring at the moment to him." She was getting all mixed up because he had telephoned and she'd been elated to hear from him unexpectedly. "I'm trying to say I never get anything I want by haunting someone. Nor by making myself plan far ahead. I follow my heart. I live impulsively. That's why I was so dissatisfied before I knew Clark. I had allowed myself to become too much of a machine for success. What's success, after all? Who wants to go on rising at 6:30 a.m. to be made-up and ready to walk on a set at 9, who wants to start for bed at 8 every evening for weeks on end because the only vital thing is your face and there mustn't be a whisper of a line on it? It's a novelty for awhile, then you become used to it. Even so, I couldn't help but miss the someone I needed to be my complete companion."

Claire and Clark met at exactly the right hour for both of them. She had been a success long enough to recognize how fleeting fame can be! she was ready to temper her material progress. In turn, he had made an exceptional beginning in radio. Clark started in to direct at twenty-three and, at twenty-nine he is in full charge of a foremost radio show.

"Clark's very bright!" Claire enthuses at the drop of a hat. When he graduated from Yale he spent a year in Europe, and with Thornton Wilder, the Pulitzer prize novelist and playwright; no less. It was this stimulating association that actually convinced Clark he wanted to climb in the theatre. When he returned to the United States he struck up a friendship with Orson Welles. He had an opportunity to go into radio, while Orson stuck to the stage. Someday Fate may have him directing the young acting genius.

Clark's courtship of Claire wasn't a typical Hollywood campaign. He didn't give her a roadster, nor an old Ford. He didn't shower her with jewels. He couldn't afford to be extravagant, and he is too sane to be silly. They had to confer frequently on matters pertaining to their broadcast, so gradually they began dining together. Today I spot them in the restaurant in Columbia Square on radio rehearsal days, her blonde head nudging his dark hair. Both have imposing dressing-rooms in the CBS building, but so far I've never caught them relaxing in style. Clark directs Claire and Eddie Robinson in a genteel tone, invariably addressing her as Miss Trevor. They are very business-like. Just as, when at home, they forget their professional partnership, and are all domesticity.

"As soon as I was certain about Clark and myself I remembered that wedding-dress I had staked out in the wardrobe department at the studio," Claire admits. "I'd worn the most exquisite thing I'd ever seen in one of my pictures. I'd asked them to sort of hang it in a corner where it would be safe, just in case. You know how it is! So then, having my dress, I had to arrange for more time for Clark. I'm not going to give half-measures to him; I'm doing all I can to be what he's longed for."

She not only got out of a long-term contract right before her wedding, but she turned down an offer for a seven-year contract made by a rival studio.

"I'd rather do three or four interesting pictures a year than more, and I'd rather be a free-lance so I can pick better roles and be free during the summer when Clark has his vacation. I believe all of us create our own circumstances by our reaction to situations. Another thing. I don't believe in worrying over petty matters. Whenever I must make a decision, even a little one, I try to say to myself, 'How will doing this add to my life?' You'd be surprised how well this works out; it's a fine self-straightener! Then when I've made up my mind I feel confident. Even though others think me wrong, I know how *I* feel. This helps me to live a positive life, to rely upon myself. It makes me feel I'm not a drifter."

But don't be misled. Love is first with Claire Trevor, and what she's always asking herself first is, "How will this add to *his* life?"

The Glamour Girl Sweepstakes

[*Continued from page* 17]

snapped her up immediately. She has the longest hair in the picture business—even longer than Dorothy Lamour's. Maybe she'll win by a hair.

Out at Warner Brothers we find two very promising entries—Lya Lys and Ann Sheridan. Lya is the studio's newest recruit to the ranks of glamour girls and will make her American debut in "The Confessions of a Nazi Spy." She was born in Berlin in 1913 but is now a naturalized citizen of America, and very happy about it too. She says neither love nor money will ever take her back.

And then there's Ann Sheridan. Warner Brothers are so convinced that they have a winner in Annie that they do sentry duty outside her window to make certain that her million dollar come-hither may not be disturbed. Well, I was never one to let a studio tell *me* anything—but I think Warner Brothers have got something there. I think they've got the future

Queen of Glamour and the winner of the 1939 Glamour Girl Sweepstakes. I can pick glamour girls—even if I can't pick horses—and after looking the field over I must say that Ann Sheridan has what it takes.

So what about this 1939 Queen of Glamour? Well, the next Queen (and she'd better be the next Queen or I'll have to leave town) is a red head with a gorgeous complexion and hazel eyes. She weighs 120 pounds (she's not skin and bones, thank heavens), is 5 feet 6 inches tall, with a waist measure of 25 inches, hips 34 inches, and bust 36 inches. She wears gloves size 6¾, and shoes size 6B. But it isn't proportions, dimensions and streamlining that makes an actress the Queen of Glamour. My, my, and indeed so. The days have gone forever when a girl could get herself on the screen with nothing more to offer than a pretty face and a perfect figure. Nowadays, you've got to have a screen personality. You've got to have the divine spark of a real actress. And Annie's got it.

She was born in Dallas, Texas, on February 21, 1915, and doesn't make a lie of the tradition that Dallas produces the most beautiful girls in America. While she was a child her family moved to Denton, a few miles from Dallas, and here she went to the Robert E. Lee school, then to the Denton Junior High School, and from there to the Northwestern State Teachers College, also in Denton, where she was preparing herself to be a teacher when Hollywood barged in. But let Ann tell about it:

"It was in the middle of my sophomore year that the thing occurred which pointed me on the way to a motion picture career. Paramount Pictures in Hollywood announced that they were going to produce a picture called "The Search for Beauty," and that in this picture would appear a group of boys and girls who had been found in an actual search for beauty which should extend throughout the whole world. The boys and girls were to be chosen through contests conducted by newspapers. This was in 1933. My eldest sister Kitty forwarded to the *Dallas News* a snapshot bathing suit picture of me and a gallery portrait—and when I heard about it I was furious because I thought the kids at school would tease me unmercifully about it."

Well, Ann won the contest, her fellow students congratulated her instead of teasing her, and Ann was off to Hollywood.

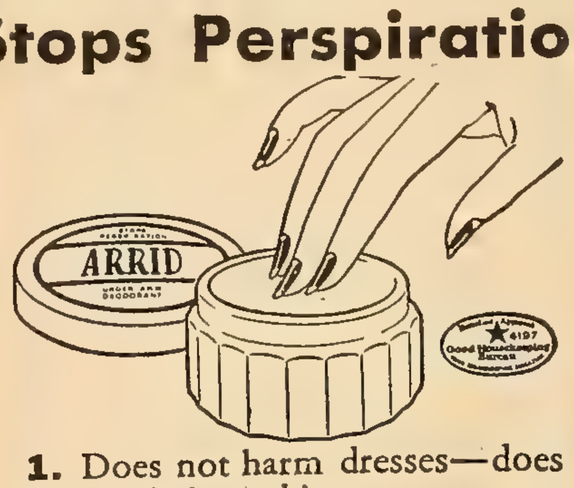
"Beauty contests," continues Ann, "are good for one thing and one thing only—they'll get you to Hollywood at somebody else's expense. That's all they do. Hollywood doesn't care a snap of its fingers about you when you get there. You might have been queen of them all at Atlantic City, with crowds and photographers making a fuss over you, but when you land at the motion picture studios the casting directors say, 'Jeepers Creepers! So I have to talk to another of these dizzy dames? When are they going to stop sending them to Hollywood?' My heart aches when I read about beauty contests and when I think about the fond hopes that are raised in the minds of the poor kids—for that's all they are—who take part in them. They figure themselves as stars right away. You'd be surprised at the number of pretty waitresses and theatre ushers in this town."

After "The Search of Beauty" was released Ann was practically forgotten. She played bits in a few Paramount pictures, had a brief stay at Universal, and then was summoned by an assistant casting director, who had happened to see her in a picture, to take a test for "The Great O'Malley," starring Pat O'Brien. Ann was so swell in the picture that Warner Brothers gave her a contract at once, and ever since then she has been working hard and climbing gradually. Her acting in her last few pictures, "Angels With Dirty Faces," "They Made Me a Criminal" and "Dodge City" has caused quite a flurry of excitement, so now she is to be starred in her next release, "Naughty But Nice." Even though she did have her fare paid to Hollywood Ann has won stardom the hard way—so far it has been all work and no play.

Ann lives in a small Spanish house that's anything but movie-starrish out in the Valley near her studio. Gwen Woodford, her closest school friend from Denton, came to Hollywood to visit her a year ago and after much urging from Ann has been persuaded to stay and live with her. Ann's two prized possessions are a Great Dane and a new car—up until three months ago she drove the worst looking old wreck in Hollywood. She likes to wear black, very decollete, in the



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evening, and slacks in the daytime. Her idea of the most fun is to go to the Zarape, a small unpretentious night club on Sunset Boulevard, and dance the rhumba and the conga for hours. It was only a matter of time before she and Cesar Romero, the best male dancer in Hollywood, should discover each other, and now that they have you can find them every evening—when they haven't early morning calls—rhumba-ing away like mad at a night club, or causing the patrons of the Tropical Ice Gardens to swoon with envy as they gracefully glide across the ice on their skates.

When she entertains, which isn't often, she invites the orchestra from Zarape's and the guests get a good rhumba lesson tossed in with the cocktails and fried chicken. She seems to be always torn between Southern food and Mexican food and at her parties you can choose between stacks of fried chicken and tamales. Miss Ann does not diet. She fluctuates between 120 and 124, and doesn't get a bit upset about an extra pound or two. In fact Ann rarely gets upset about anything—she has one of those sweet even dispositions that makes her the joy and delight of people who work with her.

Since the Romero romance started she has been going out socially more than ever before—and at Hollywood's most recent swank premiere she had the photographers fairly knocking down well established glamour girls to get a shot of the glamorous Ann. Now that she's a star, will she go Hollywood? her friends are asking each other. But I don't think they have to worry about Annie. I happened to be standing near her at one of those upper bracket society parties (where fried chicken and tamales are *not* served) one night recently, and heard Ann, looking like a million dollars, murmur to her companion, "Jeepers Creepers, I'm bored with Glamour."

Pictures on the Fire

[*Continued from page* 55]

separating on account of his dissipations and C. Aubrey gets a court order giving him custody of their child. But Irene disappears with the baby. She gets into Bing's taxi and after she's gone you can well imagine Bing's surprise to find she has left the baby with him. He takes sonny boy home to the apartment he shares with Mischa Auer.

As he enters, carrying baby, Mish is lying face down on the bed with a racing form in front of him, paper, pencil and an astrology chart.

"Hi, Nicky," Bing greets him. "Got a little surprise for you."

"Since I took up astrology, nothing surprises me," Mish informs him gloomily.

Bing puts the baby on the bed beside M. Auer, who pays no attention. "The future," Mich continues, "is always written in the stars. Why, only this morning—" he turns towards Bing, sees the baby and jumps up suddenly as if it were a snake.

"Don't get excited," Bing laughs. "It won't bite you. I found it in my cab and brought it home."

"And *you're* the one who complained when *I* brought home a little goat," Mischa chides him. "Just this morning," he goes on, "I was casting your horoscope and the stars said something embarrassing was going to happen."

A strange look passes over Bing's face, as he holds the baby. "It just happened," he announces, handing the tot to Mischa.

As Mish feels the damp diaper he reacts, turns and runs rapidly down a couple of steps to the bathroom. "Don't you worry," he calls reassuringly to Bing. "In my family was so many children my father didn't even know them all. Why, I raised three of my brothers from the cradle."

"Where are they now?" Bing challenges him.

"I—I don't know," Misha stutters. "They're dead!"

They take this scene over and over because the long-legged Mish can't get down those three steps to the bathroom fast enough to suit Director Butler.

"I'm afraid of stumbling and dropping him," Mischa apologizes. "I keep thinking, 'This could be my own!' "

"Well, it isn't," snaps Butler, "and besides," he adds kiddingly, "we're paying for him!"

Next we come to "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." They sure have a swell cast for this picture—Deanna, Nan Grey, Helen Parrish (vice-Barbara Read), Charles Winninger, Nella Walker, Robert Cummings, William Lundigan and Ernest Cossart.

The story? At Winninger's birthday party Nan announces her engagement to Lundigan. This upsets Helen, who is in love with him herself. And we pick up the three sisters as they come downstairs and find Bill talking to their mother and father.

"I thought you'd be waiting for us at the foot of the stairs," Nan begins.

"Instead of roaming around like a bird in the wilderness," Helen finishes.

"Hey, you'd better be nice to me," Bill cautions them. "I'm leaving town in the morning."

"Leaving?" Nan queries.

"Where are you going?" Helen wants to know.

"To Boston," he explains. "Some families flock together for funerals but the Watkinses gather when the Board of Directors meet. But," he adds, "I'll only be gone a couple of weeks or so."

Of course, it's Deanna who straightens things out in the tangled love-lives of her sisters. The picture has a nice plot and many surprise twists but I can't see why they call it "3 Smt. Grls Grow Up" when Deanna has been straightening out her family's affairs in every picture she's been in. They should have called it "2 Smt. Grls Start Romancing." Oh, well, it'll do a land office business no matter what they call it.

Next is "The Spirit of Culver." This is one of U's BIG pictures of the year and it will probably be my favorite picture for a number of reasons. It stars Jackie Cooper and Henry Hull, it has Freddie Bartholomew in the cast, it has a gripping plot, it marks one of my favorite directors' graduation from "B"

ictures to specials (I mean Joseph Santey, and if you don't know all about Joe y this time it's only because you don't ead what I write—I've told you often nough about him) and, lastly, it marks he cinematic debut of Joseph Santley, r., whom I've known since before he vas born. In fact, when we first met I vasn't as old as he is now. But that's either here nor there.

Jackie is an orphan, shivering and ungry, embittered with life because his ather was killed in the world war. He nds little comfort in the Congressional Medal, won by his father and now in his habby pocket. He is awarded a scholarhip to Culver on account of his father's eroism. Jackie accepts only because it neans food and a bed. At the academy is surliness makes him unpopular. It is nly after a fight with Joe, Jr., that he akens to the fact he is being a first class eel.

And what a fight it is! Joe is sitting his corner with his seconds. "You'll assacre this lunk, Tim," one of them lls Joe.

Joe looks at Jackie. "If it takes two ounds you can chalk me up for treats the canteen," he announces. "He's a t-up."

"Straighten that puss out for him," e other second advises.

"That's where I work first," Joe assures im.

Meanwhile the referee is talking to ckie. "Where are your men?" he ueries.

"What is this—a wedding?" Jackie arls. "I'll handle it alone."

"Okay," the referee agrees sarcastically. "Run it your way. You don't mind if I lace your gloves, do you?"

"You can fly a kite if it'll make you any happier," Jackie retorts grumpily. "Help yourself," holding out his hands.

And then they really start a slug-fest. Joe was the champion at his weight in college and he knows a thing or two about boxing. Jackie has had private instruction. He also fought in a newsboy picture he made.

The last picture on this lot is "Risky Business," with George Murphy and Dorothea Kent. George is Jimmie Fidler in the picture and Dot is his secretary, in love with him without his being aware. At the moment George is talking over the phone to an irate radio executive.

"They may own one of your hours," he barks, "but they don't own *me*. Paste *that* somewhere, Mr. Abernathy." He slams the receiver back on the hook and looks at Dorothea.

"Ah-ah," she shakes her head. "Sonny boy'll get his ears slapped off."

"Let him slap," says George. "There're other things to do in the world." He turns and looks out of the window, continuing his speech in a musing tone: "Shoes and ships and sealing wax—and here *I* am talking about pictures and picture people until I'm beginning to smell like celluloid!" He stops and turns back to her. "Put your face on, Dexter, and I'll run you home."

But that isn't what Dottie wants. "I know how to use the right fork," she rejoins, "and there are several men who don't think I'm exactly repulsive (add me to the list, kid) you might take me out once in awhile and feed me."

"Quit sounding like an office wife and get your hat," is what George says—the cad!

So, while George and Dottie are battling it out (and I'm betting on love) we'll battle our way through the crowds to—

M-G-M

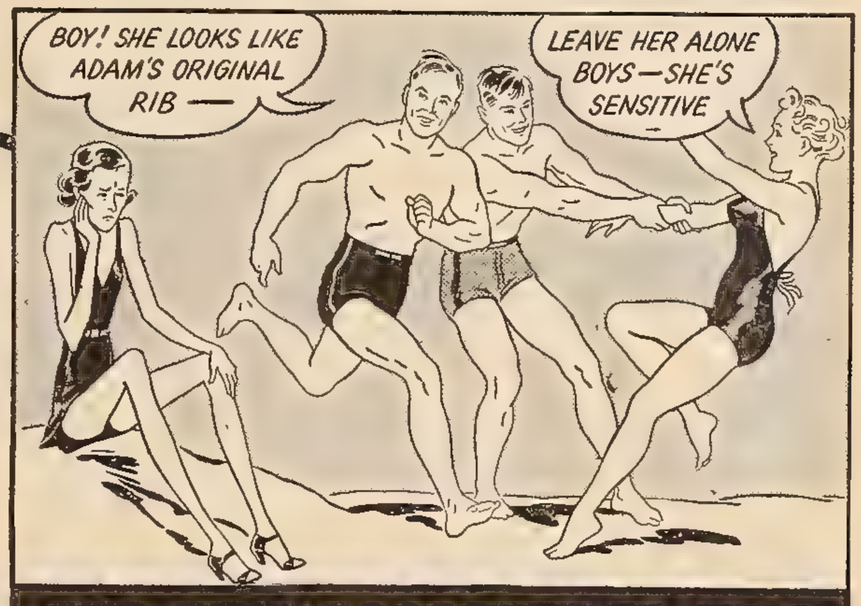
There are three big pictures shooting here but two of them—"Lucky Night" (starring Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor) and "The Kid from Texas" (with Dennis O'Keefe, Florence Rice, Jessie Ralph, Buddy Ebsen and Rita Johnson) are just starting so I'll tell you about them next month. That leaves "Sergeant Madden" starring Wally Beery, with Alan Curtis prominently in the cast.

I don't know what's getting into me but practically all the pictures this month seem to me to have fine plots and casts. This one is right up with the leaders. Wally is a cop and the father of Alan and Tom Brown.

Alan always has a chip on his shoulder. When he fizzles out as a fighter, Wally gets him appointed to the Police Academy and he is finally appointed as a rooky cop. He finally kills David Gorcey during a robbery and boasts that he is going to put Marc Lawrence (the gangster friend of Marian Martin) behind the bars and make a reputation for himself. But Lawrence and his friends frame Alan and he is caught drunk on his beat during a robbery. Sentenced to prison, he attempts an escape. He is just about to make good



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Don Russo

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his getaway when he hears Wally's voice.

"Dennis Madden!" Wally calls in a deadly tone.

Alan turns, his gun leveled, his voice like ice: "Hello, Pop."

"It's not your father talking—it's the law," Wally retorts, starting for him.

"Get out of my way or I got to give it to you," Alan warns him.

"Drop that gun, boy, for I'm taking you anyway," Wally tells him.

Alan is verging on hysteria. "Get out of my way, I say. Stop—or I'll blow you apart."

But he can't quite bring himself to pull the trigger and suddenly he is surrounded by cops, every avenue of escape blocked. Before the scene is finished, Alan is killed.

I watch him running hither and thither about the prison and I marvel at his nerve. He recently broke his ankle and it isn't entirely well yet. Every step he takes must be agony but if it shows in his face it's all right because he's supposed to be in a state of mental agony anyhow. What I can't figure out is why M-G-M wants to take a nice looking boy like Alan and make a heavy out of him.

Since no one seems able to answer that question for me I proceed to—

20th Century-Fox

Here, too, there are a number of big pictures shooting. And here, too, are several—"Rose of Washington Square" (starring Tyrone Power and Alice Faye), "Stanley and Livingstone" (starring Spencer Tracy and Henry Hull), and "Susannah of the Mounties" (starring Shirley Temple) which you'll have to wait until next month to hear about.

BUT there is still "The Gorilla" starring the Ritz Brothers with Anita Louise, Edward Norris, Patsy Kelly, Bela Lugosi and Lionel Atwill prominently among those present.

Atwill has just got a note from The Gorilla (a notorious criminal) that he's going to kill him. Anita (his niece) is just docking from Paris and Atwill radios her to come to his house as quickly as possible. He wants to talk over with her the estate she will inherit if he is killed.

Eddie is very much in love with Anita and he has brought her here. He glances around the gloomy mansion, about the size of the White House. "Nice cozy little place your uncle has here," Eddie opines.

"*He* likes it," Anita smiles.

"He must—to live in it," Eddie rejoins.

"This way, please," Bela Lugosi (the butler) interrupts, leading them a short distance to huge sliding doors which open into the study. Atwill rises as they enter.

"Well, well," he greets her. "If it isn't the prodigal niece."

"We had a terrible time with those old customs men, and—oh, I took the liberty of bringing along my—conquest. This is Jack (Norris), Uncle Walter."

Then Patsy enters. She's the maid. "Excuse me, Mr. Stevens," she begins, "I—well—I know it's customary to give notice—and—"

"Why, Kitty," Atwill interrupts, "are you trying to tell me you're going to leave?"

"Oh, no, sir," Patsy assures him. "I'm trying to tell you I've left."

When the scene is finished Norris comes up to shake hands. "Dick Purcell and I were talking about you the other night," he says. "We were wondering why you didn't show up at our recent party."

"The only reason," I apologize, "is because that dope Purcell sent the invitation to a place where I lived two years ago and I didn't get it until two weeks after the party was over. I thought even the last drunk would have gone home by then."

"I'll give him your message," Eddie promises gravely, "and, in case you move again before next year, and in case we have another party, remember you're invited and just come without an invitation."

In an equally grave manner I thank him, bow from the waist and trickle over to another stage where "Charlie Chan in Honolulu" is shooting.

"Charlie Chan" is being directed by Norman Foster. Norman is all excited about a little Chinese girl—Iris Wong—whom he has discovered and who is making her debut in this picture. The boy, San Young, was in the last Charlie Chan picture. I watch them do a scene together and congratulate Norman on his discernment. But there are other studios to be covered yet, namely—

Warner Brothers

TWO features shooting here in addition to "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," which is shooting behind closed doors and no one gets on that stage.

In "Hell's Kitchen," Stanley Fields has just been convicted for prohibition rum-running activities, years before, and sentenced to an $85,000 fine and five to eight years in prison. On the advice of his nephew and lawyer (Ronald Reagan) he had pleaded guilty to the charges so the judge suspends the sentence but warns him that if he so much as indulges in one single brawl in the future he'll have the full eight years slapped on him.

Stanley tries to go straight but it isn't easy. His henchmen resent being thrown out on their own. He is tapped for a donation to the Hudson Shelter for Homeless Boys. On the advice of Reagan he gives. Then the boys get under his skin. They're his own kind. The leaders are Frankie Burke (the young Cagney in "Angels with Dirty Faces"), and the Dead End Kids. He decides to donate an ice rink and have a hockey team. So he has the inmates of the home assembled. At the moment he is on the platform, introducing Reagan.

His speech is a classic but it's too long to go into here.

The other picture, "The Roaring Road," features Pat O'Brien, John Payne, Ann Sheridan, Gale Page and Frank McHugh. John is Pat's younger brother, whom Pat is trying to put through college but John gambles away the money Pat gives him for tuition. Then he brings Ann to a night club. "Some place, isn't it?" he says to Ann.

"Too much of a place for us," she replies.

"Stop worrying about me saving my dough, will you?" he begs, leaning across the table and taking her hand in his.

"If it was your dough, maybe I

wouldn't worry," she answers, "but Joe gave it to you for your schooling. It isn't right. You know how he feels about me and if he ever found out you were spending it—"

"I'll pay him back!" John interrupts. "Every nickel! Listen, honey," he goes on earnestly, "by the end of the next racing season I'll be sitting on top of the world —and you'll be right there with me!"

"What's got me worried, darling," she rejoins, "is where does a speed maniac like you take off after he gets to the top of the world?"

There's food for thought in that problem and I puzzle over it all the way to—

Paramount

OVER here we have Irene Dunne and Fred MacMurray in "Invitation to Happiness." Irene, apparently, has just presented Fred with a baby. Fred, Charlie Ruggles and William Collier, Sr., are standing in front of the window of the nursery in the hospital gazing at the baby.

"Did you see that?" Collier boasts. "He smiled and said something."

"Eight pounds and how many ounces," Fred turns to Ruggles.

"Seven," says Ruggles promptly.

Fred turns proudly back to his son. "Look at him! Just like his mother. Class all over."

I've listened to enough new fathers in my time without sticking my neck out by asking them about their babies so I leave before Fred finishes the scene.

Next is "Beau Geste." This was one of the most successful silent pictures ever made and I think this re-make is going to be just as good. I've read the new script and, thank heaven, they haven't changed it, except in a couple of minor details. In the cast are Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Robert Preston and Brian Donlevy. There is also an impressive supporting cast.

The first three are being raised by Heather Thatcher. To secure funds for their schooling, she sells a giant sapphire belonging to her husband. Gary happens to see her deliver the jewel. Years later, when the boys are grown, her husband has fallen on bad times and is on his way home to sell the jewel. Gary knows her theft will be discovered so while they're looking at the piece of paste she has substituted for the real gem, he turns out the lights and steals the fake jewel. None of the brothers will allow the other to take the blame and one by one they run away and join the French Foreign Legion.

We meet them in the barracks where Gary and Ray come face to face with Preston.

There isn't much dialogue to this scene but the action is tense and fraught with feeling.

I chat a few moments with Gary and William Wellman, the director, and then make for the last set.

This is "The Gracie Allen Murder Case."

Warren William is the detective. He and Gracie are on their way to a night club, looking for clues. "My examination of the Buzzard," William explains, "leaves me with the definite conclusion that he was the victim of a rare and subtle poison,



Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, two great Hollywood stars. They are happily married and have two children. Joan Blondell is said to originate this particular, fashionable hair-do. It ties in a small curly cluster at back of neck.

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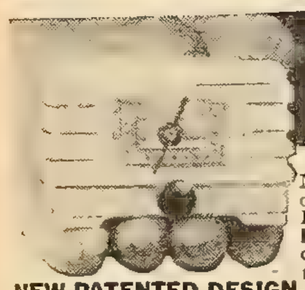
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the traces of which evaporated on his being immersed in the river."

"Immersed in the river!" Gracie ejaculates, appalled. "That's terrible. He might have drowned."

"Miss Allen," William mutters in annoyance, "he was dead when they fished him out."

"Well, in that case," Gracie dismisses the matter, "I think they'll just have to throw him back."

At Columbia there is only "Plane No. 4" shooting and I've already told you of that. At R-K-O there is Sally Eilers in "They Made Her A Spy." It's a silent shot but the interest of the cast and director is not focussed on Sally. They're regarding her four year old son, "Poochie," with great interest. Finally Jack Hively, the director, says to Poochie, "would you like to *work* in a scene with your mother?"

"I'm too little to work," Poochie objects.

For a moment Hively is stumped. Then he resorts to psychology on the unsuspecting and hapless Poochie. "Well, would you like to *play* in a scene with your mother?"

"Oh, yes," Poochie beams, so you will see him in his cinematic debut in this opus.

Next month I will tell you about Lee Tracy and Virginia Weidler in "Fixer Dugan" and also Ann Shirley in "Sorority House." Until then, be sweet.

Ed Sullivan "Spills the Beans"

[*Continued from page 25*]

riled her was an incident that occurred when she was in New York last September. The publicity office there arranged for a series of interviews with their No. 1 femme star. One of the interviewers was a hard-boiled reporter and feature writer from the World-Telegram. "How much dough have you got in the bank?" he asked. Norma flashed an S. O. S. look to the publicity man. "How much are those bracelets worth that you're wearing?" continued the World-Telly interviewer. There was no doubt that he wanted a certain type of interview and he was going to get it. She parried his questions as well as she could, but, that night, this three-column head shrieked from Page 1:

"I'm Not As Shrewd, Old or Wealthy As Reported," Norma Tells Broadway

I think that that story decided Norma in favor of her own publicity man. Yet in all fairness to M-G-M's New York publicity man, there was no way that they could have prevented it or shielded her from it. The only way would have been for them to have denied an interview to that particular writer, and that would have been extremely difficult.

You may ask, why doesn't a movie star, in such a position and confronted with a reporter who is frankly hostile, tuck her skirts about her and tell the reporter to go to hell? The reason, my dear little chickadees, is that the Page 1 headline that night would read:

"Go to Hell," Wealthy Norma Shearer Tells World-Telly Reporter in Rage.

The stars often would like to become profane, but the case of Katharine Hepburn is a deterrent. Miss Hepburn, who has been kicked around by two publicity men in this town, had scant use for the press. Whenever she passed through Chicago, Captain Dan Gilbert had to call out the riot squad to separate her and the press. She busted their cameras, refused to be interviewed and otherwise carried on a one-girl campaign against them.

Secretly, Hollywood's stars applauded Katie's nerve in telling the press what they feared to tell 'em. But what happened? The newspapers hit back at her, and now she is practically out of pictures, despite the fact that she is one of the finest actresses ever to come to Hollywood. Other movie stars, noting this, smother their tempers and make a fuss over the interviewers. They don't want to get what Katie got.

Joan Crawford flared up one day, and this is what she said: "Garbo is so right: She runs away from all of you newspapermen and women. By running away from publicity, she gets more than all of us. We, the rest of us, stop to talk and what we say is twisted every which way to make a story." Not only Joan Crawford, but every actor and actress in this business envies the Garbo technique while admitting their inability to do likewise.

Errol Flynn, on the screen, is a swaggering adventurer. He mows 'em down. Yet the day that he took a punch at one of the guests at Mrs. Jock Whitney's party, I saw Errol on the Warner lot and kidded him about the brawl. "Don't say anything, Ed," he asked. "I was just in Jack Warner's office and he gave me a frightful dressing-down for the bad publicity." You see—publicity, publicity—it all comes back to that.

It controls professional lives and even reaches into private lives and controls them. Stars are scared to death to get divorced for fear of bad publicity. Stars go to night clubs for publicity. At private parties in their homes, they invite photographers to snap pictures. At world premieres, the opening of a picture that often is too dull to sit through is turned into a Roman circus. Everything is predicated on publicity.

One of the few dissenters is veteran Adolphe Menjou. "Publicity doesn't mean a damn thing," Menjou says resolutely, his moustaches quivering in the heat of his denial. "All that matters for a performer is what he does on that screen. The fans don't care about anything else. All they know is whether you've given a great performance, a good performance or a poor performance, and all the publicity in the world won't change the fans' opinion." Menjou refuses to take advertisements in the Hollywood trade papers for that reason: "I'll be damned if I'll waste my money," he says, the moustaches bristling once more.

Somewhere between Menjou's independence and the slavish obeisance of other top-flight performers is the happy medium; but until that middle line has been located, the stars of Hollywood will knuckle to the Power of the Press.

Flashshots

[*Continued from page* 19]

It is filled with beautiful things chosen with great knowledge and distinction. Wayne's pretty and charming wife, the former Bubbles Schinasi, was lunching at "21" with some girl friends so we had lunch in the sun room off Mrs. Schinasi's Louis XV bedroom. Both of the Morrises were anxious to get back to Hollywood where their wedding present from her family was being readied for them. It's a large rambling house in Bermuda style, with white walls and glistening white roof.

Many movie people run down Hollywood in their private conversations the minute that they are out of the place, but not so Wayne, who genuinely likes the place, the climate and the work.

"What's this supposed to represent," I asked Sylvia Sidney when I spotted her sitting alone one evening, "the lonely hearts club, or waiting for the evening male?" "No," she laughed, "only the price one pays for going out with men who get long distance calls from Hollywood." Sylvia is doing very well in a class-conscious play called "The Gentle People" in which Franchot Tone plays a gangster. Sylvia doesn't like to go out a great deal at night and, in spite of all her stage and screen experience, still has an underlying shyness about photos. You can't get it over with soon enough to suit her.

John Barrymore has come back to New York with his wife, taken an apartment on Central Park West, and has announced their intention of doing a play. They have chosen "My Dear Children" by Jerry Horwin. Brock Pemberton is to produce it sometime in the Spring. I got several unaware and several aware shots of them one night, and afraid I might have double exposed a shot took one or two more on the chance. When they were leaving I apologized for having made such a nuisance of myself and Barrymore replied with that line, which, if old, is at least still good. "My friend," he said, "when you boys cease taking photos of me, then I'll know I'm dead."

Errol Flynn showed himself an adept rhumba and la conga dancer on his several recent visits to New York lately. One of the times his great friend, Bruce Cabot, was with him and they certainly covered the town, never dating the same girl twice. Bruce went down to Washington for the President's Ball and stayed at the Mayflower Hotel. After he left, the hotel found he'd forgotten to take half his clothes and also forgotten to leave a forwarding address. Errol did a bit of quick hopping between New York, Washington, Hollywood and Palm Beach where his wife, Lili Damita, had decided to take a house. There is a singer and golf player in Palm Beach named Tommy Goodwin, who is the double of Errol and who is always mistaken for him, much to their mutual embarrassment. Imagine the excitement, while Errol was still on the Coast, for the local yokels to see a man they thought was Errol, but who was really Tommy, dancing by Lili's table with a beautiful blonde without even nodding. I hear even Lili had a moment's start.

Clare Boothe Luce, whose husband is editor of "Time" and "Life," and who herself is the authoress of those two stage hits, "The Women" and "Kiss The Boys Good-bye" gave a bang-up party at El Morocco one night. Her guests were all the cream of the theatrical crop with a few from the movies. Gladys Swarthout was in a gray woolen evening robe with an amazing crystal and emerald necklace. Freddie March was ill with a cold but wife Florence Eldredge wore a very off the shoulders brown silk dress with clips of diamonds and crystal. Others there included Eddie Garr, Robert Morley. Clifton Webb, Lillian Gish, Helen Chandler and Bramwell Fletcher and Orson Welles. The party didn't break up until a late hour and then not until everyone had had a supper of green turtle soup with dry sherry, and chicken Tetrazinni, umm-h-h!

The Ralph Bellamys were other New York visitors. They manage to come East several times a year, usually staying at the Drake Hotel and having a grand time. Gracie Fields stayed some weeks and was constantly out with that great comedian, Monty Banks. Without any doubt Gracie Fields is the most natural and unspoiled woman in the movie industry.

Earlier in this article I mentioned the Fredric Marches. They, incidentally, are having the most tremendous success in the play "The American Way" and it may be some time before Freddie will return to the movies. I know they are planning to find a charming little house in Connecticut to live in during the hot summer months. After the failure of their first play they are naturally only too enchanted by the success of "The American Way."

Soon Spring will be upon us and again to the East will come for brief visits hordes of refugees from Hollywood, and I hope new and interesting shots for you.



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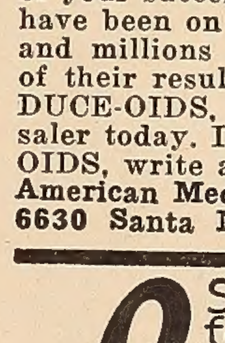
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The Final Fling



Lucile Watson as the mother-in-law in "Made For Each Other."

IF you are amused and interested, then you are entertained, whatever may be happening on the screen. This is to say that when the clever director had Fred MacMurray, in "Cafe Society," sharpen a razor blade by rubbing it inside of an ordinary bathroom glass, he will entertain every man among the millions who will see this picture. We have tried it too, and it seems to work. Some people like mechanical gadgets and we hope that "Alexander Graham Bell" is a picture with some of the great inventor's early apparatus.

* * *

AND now a bit of praise to an actress who played the mother-in-law in "Made For Each Other." She made the character a well meaning mother trying to help her daughter-in-law, but with complete lack of understanding of the fact that the young wife had a right to live her own life. So mother-in-law became a nagging, hateful self-pitying pest. The part was played by Lucile Watson and had it not been for her skill in building up the role she played, Carole would not have been as real as she was. Lucile Watson (do not forget the name) made the whole picture strong and dramatic. She cut herself off from any audience sympathy, never overplayed, and presented Jimmy Stewart and Carole Lombard with a real success. While they are out there taking the bows we want to direct this spray of laurel to a fine actress. The character that she gave served as the REASON for Carole's desperation and for Jimmy's despair. Without Lucile Watson there would have been nothing but unconvincing tantrums meaningless as empty air.

* * *

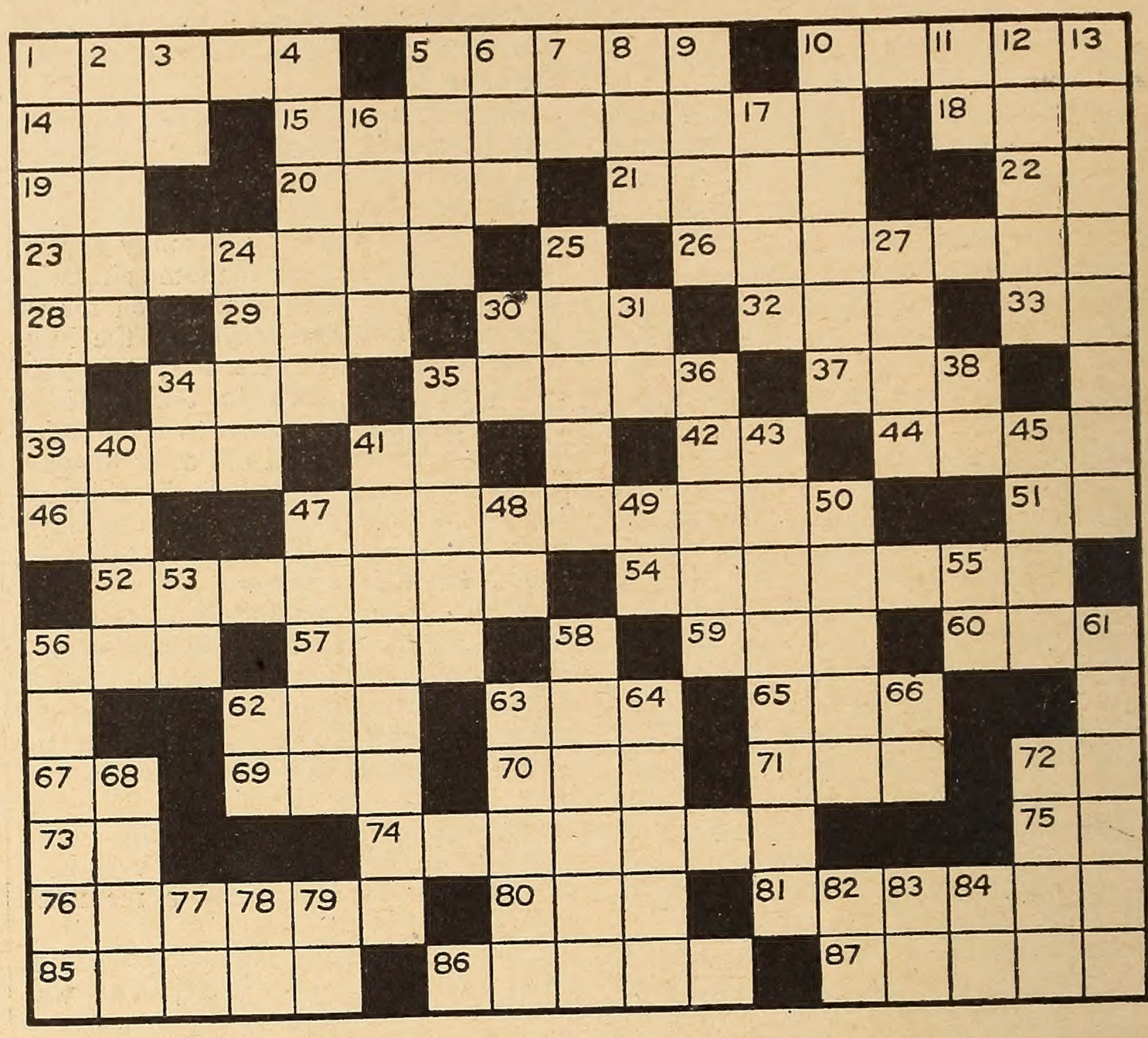
THE Academy must be controlled by SILVER SCREEN's readers. At least you selected Spencer Tracy first, as the Most Popular Player, and the Academy Award came following after.

Edward Reason

EDITOR

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



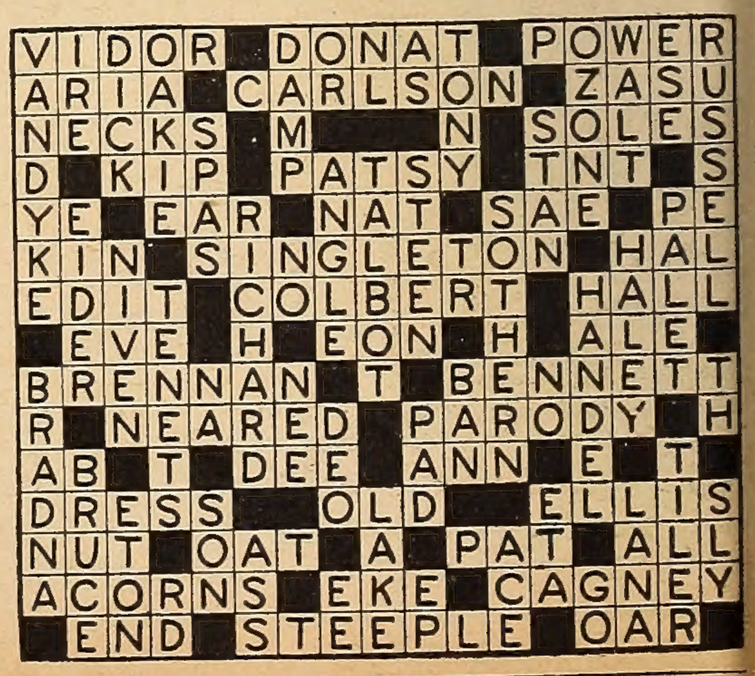
ACROSS

1-5 Stars of "Idiot's Delight"
10 In "Wings of the Navy"
14 Mimic
15 Balkan peasant in "Paris Honeymoon"
18 By way of
19 The sun god
20 Renown
21 Costly
22 One of the United States (abbr.)
23 Delicate
26 Character actor
28 Neuter pronoun
29 Grow old
30 "Gunga Din"
32 Always (poet.)
33 Period of time (abbr.)
34 Free from moisture
35 With Irene Dunne in "Love Affair"
37 In "Hotel Imperial"
39 Well-bred woman
41 Regarding (abbr.)
42 Ocean (abbr.)
44 Ego
46 Five hundred and one (Rom.)
47 Mrs. Beebe in "Sing, You Sinners"
51 Preposition
52 In "Kentucky"
54 New foreign actress in "Hotel Imperial"
56 To request
57 Definite article
59 Sea Eagle
60 Frequently (poet.)
62 One making first social appearance (slang)
63 Rude disorderly crowd
65 Frozen water
67 Part of the Bible (abbr.)
69 No longer an amateur (slang)
70 A measure of length
71 Place for athletic exercises (abbr.)
72 Always
73 Exclamation of surprise
74 River between Canada and New York State
75 Clerk (abbr.)
76 The Maryland horsewoman in "Going Places"
80 A number
81 American Indian tribe
85 Co-starred in "Love Affair"
86 Eddie Burgess in "Ice Follies of 1939"
87 Jesse James himself

DOWN

1 Star of "They Made Me a Criminal"
2 Separately
3 To exist
4 An image
5 Nominate
6 Unit
7 Star of "If I Were King" (initials)
8 Among
9 On the ocean
10 One who cuts hair
11 In "Heritage of the Desert" (initials)
12 Simpleton
13 In "Ride a Crooked Mile"
16 An adventitious sound (Med.)
17 A variety of cabbage
24 The cowboy in "The Cowboy and the Lady"
25 Younger brother in "Wings of the Navy"
27 Period of time (pl.)
30 In a like manner
31 Myself
34 Doctor of Divinity (abbr.)
35 Her latest picture is "Dark Victory"
36 Feminine name
38 Biblical pronoun
40 Is afflicted with pain
41 The baron in "Son of Frankenstein"
43 "The Flying Irishman"
45 Idle away time
47 The little son in "The Great Man Votes"
48 Symbol for Tantalum
49 In "Fast and Loose" (abbr.)
50 In "Submarine Patrol"
53 All right (slang)
55 Perform
56 Munitions manufacturer in "Idiot's Delight"
58 Eccentric dancer in "Sweethearts"
61 In "Stand Up and Fight"
62 In "Going Places" (abbr.)
63 Pithy
64 One of Loretta Young's sisters
66 Type measure
68 Pronoun
72 To be in pain
77 Prefix
78 Within
79 Point of compass (abbr.)
82 Associated Press (abbr.)
83 Verso (abbr.)
84 Reverential fear

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle



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